Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. | Philadelphia, May 6, 1837. | Whole No. 823.

old Court House, at the corner of Second and Market Street.

once venerable building, long divested original honours by being appropriated the years of the present generation to ble purposes of offices and lumber rooms watchmen and clerks of the markets, length been removed for the innovating of modern improvement. A brief ac- of its history will no doubt prove accep- many of our readers, who feel an inter- very thing which relates to the time-worn former days.

structure, diminutive and ignoble as it w appear to our modern conceptions, was f d'oeuvre and largest endeavour of our fathers. Assessments, gifts, and fines, l combined to give it the amplitude of Great Town House," or "Guild Hall," as occasionally at first called. In the general surrounding waste, (having a duck n its northern aspect,) it was deemed no ed intrusion to place it in the middle of ended unencumbered and wide street;— eption, however, to which it became in ays exposed, by pamphlets, pasquinades, citing on one occasion "the second (an- ddress of Andrew Marvell," &c.

re its erection, in 1707, its place was the ed site of the great town bell, erected mast, whence royal and provincial pro- tions, &c. were announced. That bell, ly the centenary incumbent of the cupola, it rehearse its former doings, might, to s, "a tale unfold" of times and incidents e, which might wonder-strike our citi-

d tell of things so old, "that history's pages
no records of its early ages!"

ng the relics which I have preserved of ilding, is a picturesque view, as it stood itive times, having a pillory, prison cage, its eastern side, and the "Great Meet- se" of Friends on the south, secluded its brick wall enclosure, on ground be- by the Founder "for truth's and Friends' I have, too, an original MS. paper, giv- detail the whole expenses of the struc- and the payments, "by the penny tax," ed for the same, and showing, in that day, of "old currency" of ½, to reduce it to —and withal, presenting a curious exhibi- the prices of materials and labour in that day—such as bricks at 29s. 6d. per m. and laying at 14s. per m. making, in all, an ex- of L.616. Samuel Powell, who acquired ch wealth by city property, was the car-

e window casements were originally con- ed with little panes set in leaden frames— e basement story, set on arches, had one for an auction room, and the remainder by the millers and their meal, and linen and stocking makers from German- Without the walls on the western side ome moveable shambles, until superseded, , by a short brick market house.

have long since transferred our affections tions to its successor, (the now celebrated l of Independence," i. e. our present State) now about to revive its fame under very ng auspices,—but, this Town House was the National Hall of legislation and legal ng. In its chambers sat our Colonial As- ; there they strove nobly and often for blic weal; opposing themselves against oyal prerogatives of the Governors; and h often defeated in their enactments by veto or the Board of Trade, returning to efforts under new forms and titles of en- ents, till they worried kingly or proprietary r into acquiescence or acknowledgment! n those walls were early cherished those ciples of civil liberty, which, when matur- manifested themselves in the full spirit of ational Independence. Here David Lloyd Sir William Keith agitated the Assemblies aders of the opposition, combining and plot- with their colleagues, and forming cabals were not for the good of the people nor of proprietaries. Here Isaac Norris was al- perpetually President, being, for his po- rity and excellence, as necessary an appen- of colonial enactments as was the celebra- Abram Newland to the paper currency of land. Here came the Governors in state ake their "speeches." On some occasions prepared here great feasts to perpetuate honour such rulers, making the tables, on h they sometimes placed their squibs and s of discord, become the festive board of nd glee and happy union. From the balco- n front, the newly arrived or installed Go- nors made their addresses to the cheering pulace below.—On the steps, depending form- from the balcony on either side, tustled and rried the fretted Electors; ascending by one e to give in their votes at the door at the bal- y, and thence descending southward on the posite side. On the adjacent ground occur- "the bloody Election" of 1742—a time, n the sailors, coopers, &c. combined to car- their candidates by exercise of oaken clubs, the great terror and scandal of the good citi- —when some said Judge Allen set them on, others that they were instigated by young len; but the point was gained—to drive e Norris partisans" from "the stairs," re, as they alleged, they "for years kept place," to the exclusion of other voters. I e in my possession several caricatures, in- ded to traduce and stigmatize the leaders in e days. Two of them, of about the year 1765, the Election groupes at the stairs and in street; and appended to the grotesque pic- es, pro and con, are many verses:—One is ed "the Election Medley and Squire Lilli- " and the other is "the Counter Medley and wer to the Dunces." In these we see many e ancestors of present respectable families trayed in ludicrous and lampooned charac- . Now the combatants all rest in peace, if the scandal was revived, it would be much re likely to amuse than to offend the families erested. Then arrests, indictments and trials ued for the inglorious "riot," which kept he town" in perpetual agitation! A still ater but more peaceful crowd surrounded t balcony, when Whitfield, the eloquent pul- orator, stirred and affected the crowd below, ing his voice "to be readily heard by boat- n on the Delaware!"—"praising faith," and ttacking works," and good Bishop Tillotson; incensing the papists among us greatly. e Friends, in many instances, thought him not in sober mood"—and, among themselves, puted much of his influence on the minds of e unstable "to priestcraft, although in him- lf a very clever conversable man." From e same stand, stood and preached one Mi- al Welfare, "one of the christian philoso- rs of Conestoga," having a linen hat, a full ard, and his pilgrim staff, declaring himself t to announce the vengeance of the Almighty ainst the guilty province! and selling his warning voice" for 4d.

Such were the various uses to which this owne House was appropriated, until the time "the new State-house, erected in 1735; af- r which, this before venerated Hall was sup- lanted and degraded to inferior purposes; but ng, very long, it furnished the only chambers r the courts of the province. There began he first lawyers to tax their skill to make "the orst appear the better cause,"—enrolling on its first page of fame the names of David Lloyd, Samuel Hersey, Mr. Clark, Patrick Robinson, he renter of the first "hired prison," and Mr. Pickering, for aught we now know, the early counterfeiter. Then presided Judges "quite crupulous to take or administer oaths," and some, for conscience sake," refusing Penn their services after their appointment. In af- ertimes John Ross and Andrew Hamilton divided the honours of the bar—the latter, in 1735, having gone to New York to manage the cause of poor Zenger, the persecuted printer, (by the Governor and council there) gave such signal satisfaction to the city rulers and people, that the corporation conferred on him the freedom of the city, "in an elegant golden snuff-box with many classical allusions." Descending in the scale to latter times, and before the Revolution, we find such names, there schooled to their future and more enlarged practice, as Wilson, Sergeant, Lewis, Edward Biddle, George Ross, Reed, Chew, Galloway, &c.—This last had much practice—became celebrated in the war for his union to Sir William Howe when in Philadelphia, suffered the confiscation of his estate, and, when in England, wrote publicly to disparage the inefficient measures of his friend the General, in subduing "the unnatural rebellion" of his countrymen.—These men have long since left their renown and "gone to their reward," leaving only, as a connecting link with the bar of the present day, such men as Judge Peters, and William Rawle, Esq. to give us passing recollections of what they may have seen most conspicuous and interesting in their manners or characters as public pleaders.

Finally, "the busy stir of man," and the rapid growth of the "busy mart," has long since made it a necessary remove of business from the old court house. Surrounding commerce has "choked up the loaded street with foreign plenty." But, while we discard the venerable pile from its former ennobling services, let us strive to cherish a lively remembrance of its departed glory, and with it associate the best affections due to our pilgrim ancestors, though disused, not forgotten.

The following facts will serve still further to enlarge and illustrate the leading history of the building, to wit:

High street, since called Market street, was never intended for a market place by Penn.—Both it and the court house, and all public buildings, as we are told by Oldmixon, were intended to have been placed at the Centre Square. When the court house was actually placed at Second and High streets, they were complained of by some as an infraction of the city scheme, and as marring of its beauty. Proud calls it and the market buildings "a shameful and inconvenient obstruction."

In the year 1705, the Grand Inquest resolved to recommend a tax of 1d. per L. to be levied, to build a court house on pillars where the bell now stands. They also before present the market place as a receptacle for much rainwater. On another occasion they present a dirty place in Second street over against the "Great Meeting-house," and a low dirty place in High street over against the free pump, near Doctor Hodgson's house.

As early as the year 1684, (1st of 2d mo.) William Penn and council determined there should be a Provincial Court, of five Judges, to try all criminal cases, and titles to land, and to be a Court of Equity, to decide all differences upon appeals from the county courts. Soon after the first Judges were appointed, to wit: Nicholas Moore, Chief Justice; William Welsh; William Wood; Robert Turner, and John Eckley.

In the year 1717, the court house being then ten years built, the Grand Jury present the county and city court house as very scandalous for want of being finished; and whereas the several sums heretofore raised, for bridges, &c. have not been enough, they recommend a further tax, for those objects and to complete the court house, of 1d. per L.

In the year 1736, Mr. Abel Noble preached, on Monday, from the court house steps, to a large congregation standing in Market street, on the subject of keeping the Sabbath. In the same year Michael Welfare appeared there to give his "warning voice." What was done by the celebrated Whitfield in this way will be found under his proper name.

In the year 1740, the Gazette describes "the customary feast at the court house, at the expiration of the Mayoralty," at which were present—the Governor and council, the corporation, and many of the citizens.

In 1742, on the vacation of the office of "Public Vendue, formerly held under the court house in Second street," John Clifton proposes to pay for it L.110, and Reese Meredith proposes to give L.100 per annum, to be allowed to enjoy the privilege.* This office seems to have been in the north west corner. The general vacancy was a meal market; and in the south east corner, in Timothy Matlack's time, they had a temporary prison under the steps;† in the north east corner, in T. Bradford's early days, was the stocks.—Both of these were under the stairs on Second street, depending on either side from the balcony over the arch, making an angle at the corner, so as to land the people in High street.

"The Great Meeting House" of Friends.

At the south west corner of Second and High streets, was originally constructed in 1695; and "great" as it was in the ideas of the primitive population, it was taken down in 1755, to build greater. That, in time, became so shut in, and disturbed by the street noise of increased population, that it was deemed expedient to sell off the premises, in the year 1808, and construct the large Meeting on their Arch street ground.

This "Market street Meeting," as it was often called, had its original lot through the gift of George Fox, "for truth's and Friends' sake," he giving at the same time the lot at Fairhill for a like purpose. His idea was, that it might be located in the centre of the town, and have as much as two acres as a ground to put their horses in! The land itself was due to him under some promise of William Penn, and it is known that Penn was reluctant to have it chosen where it was, saying he was not consulted on the occasion by his commissioners, &c. In the final sale of it, for the present dozen houses which stand upon the original site along High street and Second street, it produced a large sum of money to the Society.

The first meeting-house was surmounted on the centre of its 4 angled roof, by a raised frame of glass work, so constructed as to pass light down into the Meeting below, after the manner of the former Burlington meeting-house.—*Annals of Philadelphia.*

Female Society—By John Randolph.—To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the companies of the ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditating on your profession; and, above all, that it may not require for you the reputation of *dangler*—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old Squaretoes, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would, perhaps, be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or sister, or niece; although all experience shows that, of all male animals, the Dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt also.

In general, if we want to see religion in its most simple and pure character, we must look for it among the poor of this world, who are rich in faith. How often is the poor man's cottage the palace of God! Many can truly declare, that they have there learned the most valuable lessons of faith and hope, and there witnessed the most striking demonstrations of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God.

* The vendue room in the north west corner, was rented by Council to Patrick Baird, in 1730, at 8£. per annum.

† This place under the steps in Second street, was originally constructed by an order of the City Council, of the year 1711, "for a shop, to be let out to the best advantage."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

Bright goddess! if the hallowed fire
That lights thy altar may descend;
And to the chords of my weak lyre,
Its own unfading brilliance lend.

To grace each theme, inspire each lay,
Still intermingling fairest flowers;
Whilst op'ning blossoms crown the way,
That leads me to thy blushing bowers.

With glorious hues the west adorn,
When sinks the sun behind yon hill,
Or paint the rosy beams of morn,
With thy rich colours, lovelier still.

And we will roam yon meadows green,
When spring has learn'd young flowers to blow
In shady groves will sing unseen,
Or watch the murmuring streamlet flow.

We'll roam through Nature's wildest range,
The craggy rock, the mountain high:
Or o'er fair climes remote and strange,
On downy azure wings will fly.

When ev'ry star's pale silver light
Shines through yon broad expanse of blue,
In that sublime inspiring sight
We'll bid dull themes a last adieu.—THEOPHILA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Desultory Remarks on the Rise, Progress, &c. of

FICTITIOUS HISTORY.

BY CHARLES BIRD BARRETT.

Searching for novelties is, in most instances, searching for trifles—since things of real and great importance must have been noticed before. The sentiments we call original—and which we pass off for new, must be very odd ones indeed if they occurred not to others, even long before we were in existence. Truth is old —and has already been described a thousand ways, and in almost every variety of view—so that in this advanced age of the world, a writer upon subjects of the deepest interest, cannot be altogether original, unless he leave truth and nature and common sense far behind him. Of what recently printed treatise, theological or ethical, or of what sermon, warm from the lips of the preacher, can it be said—"*See, this is new!*" The ablest of divines or of moralists, can do little more than to bring home to men's bosoms old and obvious truths, by investing them in new attire, or by their powerful and engaging manner of stating them.

But if the field of truth be limited and fenced in with impassable barriers, the field of fiction is boundless—and at the present time, *that* is explored by a numerous, I might almost say innumerable, tribe of adventurers, every one of whom is able to cull from it something *new;* that is, something so extravagant—so preternatural, so remote from every train of sober thought, that it is really a *novelty*, and as such is admired.

The human mind is naturally disposed to embellish the narration of facts, and the delineation of characters, by fictitious circumstances. The bare and unadorned occurrences of real life are insufficient to fill the mind, or to gratify the imagination. There is a mixture of what is great, and what is little—of what is noble, and what is mean—together with an air of uniformity and sameness, in the ordinary events and characters that occur in the word; and thence the affairs of common life have assumed a dulness and insipidity which are ill calculated to amuse the indolent, or fix the attention of the depraved.

It is not proposed to consider fictitious history under all the various forms which it hath assumed. It is intended to confine the following remarks principally to that species of fictitious writing which has obtained the name of *Romance*—and which claims our attention from the conspicuous figure which it makes in the literary history of modern times. It may be worth while to trace that peculiarity of manners to which this species of writing owed its origin—and to mark the varieties which it hath undergone, till it has at length settled in novel writing—the taste for which is so very prevalent at the present day.

The situation of our Gothic ancestors, who founded the modern kingdoms of Europe, was peculiarly favorable to the exaggerations of fiction. After their first settlement, considerable time elapsed before any regular government was established. The power of the king was so limited that he scarce deserved that name.—Every baron erected an independency for himself in his own territory—and the weak, unable to defend themselves, had recourse for protection to some powerful chief in their vicinity.—Amid such jarring interests little harmony could prevail. Accordingly we find that in this period hostilities were perpetual. Every chief depended for safety on his own internal strength—for the sovereign was too weak to afford protection to any.

Thus all the kingdoms of Europe were broken down into little dependencies, ever hostile to each other. Every baron shut himself in his castle, and retained a numerous train of dependents to support his pretentions. By these perpetual feuds, exercised by neighboring barons, all communication between different territories —and even between one family and another was entirely suspended. All social intercourse was at an end—and the members of every tribe were confined within the narrow limits of their own district.

In this situation the inhabitants of Europe became, in a short time, absolutely unacquainted with the topography, the inhabitants, the manners, and transactions of foreign countries. In those times of anarchy and ignorance, there was no intercourse between distant places by travelling; occasionally, perhaps they were visited by a straggling pilgrim, who, on his return to his native land, recounted the wonders he had seen or the dangers he had undergone. These accounts, however, instead of conveying just notions of distant countries and their inhabitants, served only to set the imagination to work—every check on fancy was removed—and men were at liberty to indulge in all the wildness of a luxuriant invention. When we have become familiar with anything—we perceive nothing in it but what is common and natural—but when our circumstances are such, that we can neither examine objects themselves, nor obtain a distinct account of them from others, active fancy assumes the reins—she rejects with disdain every thing that is natural and common, and wanders in the unlicensed exercise of her creative powers.

Thus it was among our Gothic ancestors from the circumstances of Europe in those ages, their knowledge of remote countries was dark and confused—and the manners of the inhabitants altogether unknown. Imagination easily supplied this deficiency—and peopled those regions with monsters of her own creation—with giants and necromancers—with winged dragons and enchanted castles. And it must be admitted, that it is a difficult matter, at any time, to restrain the fancy in forming romantic notions of regions of which we can only obtain an imperfect and inaccurate account. It is only as countries become known, that they cease to be the scene of romance. Modern discoveries have furnished us with a knowledge of the face of our globe, that scarce a mountain or a desert is now left for the habitation of a giant or a magician.

These circumstances joined to the political state of Europe, in the dark ages, gave rise to the institution of chivalry—which, as it constitutes the very soul of romance, deserves our attention on this occasion. Chivalry is an institution peculiar to modern times—and it was for many ages the favourite occupation of our ancestors. From the absolute want of civil government, the kingdoms of Europe were at this period involved in anarchy. There was no regular administration of justice—the strong oppressed the weak, and committed mutual hostilities on each other. In this situation of affairs, an association of men stood forth, each of whom professed by his single arm to protect the innocent and defenceless—to relieve the oppressed—and to give a check to brutal violence. Such were the honorable motives which gave rise to knight-errantry—the most distinguished species of chivalry. This profession possessed, besides, many peculiar charms. To visit distant countries, to search after singular adventures—to carry off the palm of victory—and to be celebrated in the legendary tale, were incitements sufficient to overcome the love of ease, or the apprehension of danger. This institution, from a variety of circumstances, prevailed in Europe for many centuries, and its influence was so universal as to give a peculiar cast to the manners of the times. Gallantry was the offspring of chivalry: whoever aspired to the honours of knighthood, devoted himself to the service of some fair lady, whose favor he hoped to gain by the splendor of his achievements; it was only after going through a long probation, and meeting with a variety of adventures, that he could pretend to obtain her graces. Thus a code of manners was formed pecuniarly favorable to fictitious history. Every minstrel found a hero for the subject of his legend—and adventures abounded to embellish the pages of romance.

In the eleventh century an event took place, which contributed above every thing else to enlarge the sphere of romance. The event to which I refer was the expedition of the princes of Europe to the East, for the recovery of Palestine from the Saracens. The Crusades opened a new scene to Europe. When the barbarians of the West beheld the superb structures of Constantinople, they imagined that they had been constructed by beings superior to man—they were lost in wonder and astonishment at the displays of Oriental magnificence—and their imaginations led them to suppose that they stood upon enchanted ground. Hitherto confined to a narrow territory, and unaccustomed to observe the illustrious productions of human art, their minds were filled with enthusiasm by the scenes and objects which they beheld. The object of their expedition, and the stage on which they acted, were such as must have affected the imaginations of Christians in a very peculiar manner—the battles which they fought—the strange people whom they encountered, were all circumstances well calculated to heat the imagination, and to hinder the mind from regarding those events in the light of common occurrences. When the adventurers returned to Europe, they naturally described their expeditions in all the exaggerated colors of an over-heated fancy: and if ever traveller had a right to embellish his narration, and

——"Speak of Cannibals, that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"——

surely this was an occasion to excuse such fables. Every circumstance favored the license of fancy—the distance of the scene of action—the difference of manner—and custom—and arts, and even of the face of nature: what imagination is so cold as not to be inflamed, in contemplating a field so rich in materials of fiction? Perhaps, since the world began, there has not been a period so fertile in subjects for romance, as the few centuries during which these expeditions continued. The Crusades not only furnished subjects for fiction, but also increased the machinery of romance. The Genii and Fairies of the East were introduced into Europe, and incorporated with the gloomy mythology of the Scandinavians. The flowery and ornamented manner of the Orientals was imitated—and from this period we recognise in our compositions something of the taste and style of the Arabian romancers.

Before the crusades, the subjects of romance were few—but compositions of this description were not unknown. For a considerable time previous to this period, Charlemagne and his peers furnished the subject of the legend in France—and the achievement of Arthur and his knights formed the favorite subject of fable among our British ancestors. But after the crusades, the field was widely enlarged: the heroes of the crusades, after these expeditions had ceased, found themselves incapable of applying themselves to the gentle arts of peace—arms were their sole delight—and they indulged their passion in the adventures of knight-errantry.

These were circumstances favorable to fiction —nor did the wits of those times fail to take advantage of them. It is well known, that in the feudal countries every baron retained a poet or historian, to record the warlike achievements of the family, and at the same time, to amuse him with the romantic legend in the intervals of war, or of hunting. In England these were called minstrels—and it is to them that we owe the earliest productions of romance. The institution was general. Scotland also had her minstrels, who introduced the taste for fiction—and they assumed the venerable title of bards. But, alas! they were not the bards whose memory were so dear to the tuneful Ossian—they were not the bards who are while descended from their airy halls, to console him "in the grey years of his age." The spirits of Ossian, Carril, and Ullin had fled—they heard not the invocations of this spurious race—nor inspired them with the simple beauties of song; they were left to the monsters of their own irregular imagination—and they are easily distinguished from the bards of better times, by their wild conceits, and unnatural fictions.

This appears to me to have been the origin and first stage of romantic fiction—it will be an easy task to trace it through its subsequent changes.

When nations begin to emerge from barbarity and ignorance—in the first dawn of polite literature—and before it has reached its highest lustre—we may distinguish a period in the literary history of every people, which is characterised by a false and unnatural taste in the fine arts.—In the history of all nations who have arrived at any degree of refinement—we may trace this error of vitiated taste—it is sufficiently marked by forced conceit, affected humor, and a relish of beauties entirely foreign to nature and common sense. This period, in England, may be first about the time of Charles II. and in France it immediately preceded that glorious blaze of science that shone forth under Louis XIV. It was about this period that romance writing assumed a new aspect. The machinery and fable of the ancients were indeed laid aside—but though dragons, and giants, and necromancers, and enchanted castles were no more, the deviations from nature and truth were no less wide than formerly. Instead of the hero encountering some monstrous giant, or delivering some fair captive from an enchanted castle—now it was some mighty prince, who, struck with the peerless beauty of some cruel shepherdess had laid aside their robes—and wandered disconsolate through woods and wilds, complaining to rocks and trees of the indifference of the haughty fair. After roaming about for years in this piteous style—bending the rugged oak with his sorrows—and swelling the river with his tears, our hero at length meets his mistress on the margin of some chrystal stream—her heart relents at the recital of his woes—and she condescends to approve his passion.

In these notable productions, nature and probability are wholly disregarded—and fortune and accidents produce events no less strange than the enchanters of previous times. No regard is paid to character or design. We are astonished to find the "*Great Triumvirate*," who divided the spoils of Rome, converted into whining lovers, whose highest ambition it is, to gain a place in the affections of the fair Cleopatra. The stern Brutus gives way to the sighs of a lover—he forgets his country—and her wrongs —and Cæsar's ambition, and is only emulous to obtain a gracious regard from the lovely Parthenia.

But notwithstanding the great pains that have been taken in many hundred late novels, to give a turn and a variety to love affairs, by every mode of cross purposes, and hair-breadth escapes, there must be a termination even to these —and the common adventures of novels were actually becoming as insipid as the progress of real life—when a bold and successful effort was made to enliven these narratives—by a certain proportion of murders, ghosts, dead bodies, skeletons, old castles, and damp dungeons. Happily for those who are tired with themselves and all around them, this attempt produced a number of imitators—and we now really see a work of this class, that is not entirely compounded of the materials above enumerated.

Murder is certainly a very fruitful topic: it can be contrived in such a variety of shapes and forms—and if once we return to the ancient belief in ghosts, hobgoblins *et cetera*, it is incredible with what ease we may increase our stock of personages—for every one mentioned in the book may have a ghost—and, living or dead, we may in this way exactly double our amusement. We can truly say:—

——"The times have been,
That—when the brains were out—the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools."——

And surely it is no wonder if our timid females are "pushed from their stools," in reading the "horrid, barbarous, and bloody murders," that are now served up for their amusement.

Amusement! did I say? yes—certainly, for their AMUSEMENT. This is the most favorable conjecture—for surely it never could have entered into the brain of any writer of this description, that our charming ladies wanted *instruction* how to commit murders. Amusement it therefore must be —and certainly *is* amusement—of a very singular kind—such as appears to me to be incompatible with tenderness of frame, or purity of mind. What would we think, if a lady who had the command of an extensive library, should search the indexes, and reject every page but that which contained an account of a murder? A question then very naturally arises—"Why are works composed principally of murders, considered as most certain of being perused?" The answer to this question I shall leave to my readers, and content myself with hoping that the present fashion—like all departure from nature and common sense—will have a short reign.

Still I must revert to my original thought—that a mistaken notion of the dulness and insipidity of real life, so often sends us for relief to the regions of fiction—and if we go there merely upon the principle of amusement, we shall derive no disadvantage from perusing the most classical productions of this description: but beyond that, I suspect we shall be often deluded by estimates of human life and happiness, that are calculated upon false foundations. The days of youth are certainly days of curiosity—and if that be directed to proper objects around us, we shall not find that real life is so devoid of interest as we imagined—or, that there is any necessity for relieving our minds by fabulous narratives. The page of history—to him whose mind has not been enervated by a course of superficial reading—will contain more variety and entertainment than the utmost stretch of fiction could have produced—and we shall have the superior satisfaction, in reflecting, that the instruction we receive is well-grounded—and that the events which surprise us, are always *true*—or at least *probable*. Where they are of a doubtful appearance, the historian's suspicions prevent our being deceived. This—added to an attentive observation of the scenes around us—will store our minds with reflections of an infinite variety—and of far greater utility than are to be derived from the wild narratives of the imagination—and we shall soon be enabled to conclude, upon the surest ground, that he to whom real life appears dull—must himself be of dull capacity.

But it is a lamentable fact, that of late years works of no other description are read with so much eagerness by the American youth of both sexes, as novels, or narratives of feigned incidents, characters and scenery—for though they seldom tempt to a second reading, they seldom fail of being read once. In this respect, it makes very little difference whether a novel be the fruit of genius, or of hair-brained folly—whether it has the stamp of learning, or proceeds from the pen of conceited ignorance—whether it sketches real life, or outstrips the extravagance of bedlam itself:—if the thing be *new*, it *is* earnestly sought for and read with eagerness.

And where lies the harm? Not in the *nature* of this species of writing, for it is not censurable in itself. We have the highest of all authority for the use of Parables—they have been made the vehicle for conveying moral truth in the most cogent and captivating, and at the same time the most inoffensive manner. Apologues and fables are worthy of praise rather than blame if framed with ingenuity, and made of manifest tendency to promote good morals. And the same may be said of the species of writing that goes under the denomination of novels:—it is not censurable as a species of composition, but as a species of composition that has been generally and deplorably perverted by misuse. It is not to be denied that a novel may be so fashioned by well-directed talent, as to blend amusement with instruction—entertainment with the moral improvement of the mind: nor is it to be affirmed that there are no instances of this happy combination—some there are, though comparatively very few. But the harm of novel-reading—carrid to the extent of extravagance to which the presen, age has carried it—lies partly at least in the following particulars—which my limits will allow me but barely to mention.

Passing over the baser variety of novels, as such as have a direct tendency to deprave the mind and the heart, it may be confidently affirmed that the generality of the remaining variety, though they profess to have a moral tendency, do in no measure inculcate pure *christian* morals, but those of a spurious kind: the standard of their morality being very little higher—if any—than that of the highest order of the pagan school.

There is always danger—especially as regards youth—of cultivating the imagination too much, and the more solid faculties of our nature too little—and it is the nature of most novels to produce this effect: they expand and stretch the imagination without informing the understanding or maturing the judgment.

The pictures of life given in works of fiction, are not usually those of common, but of high life —and can be therefore of no practical use at all to persons who are not destined to move in the higher circles of society: on the other hand, they tend to sophisticate their manners as well as their morals—the manners of Dukes and Dutchesses being widely remote from what *should be* the manners of plain men and women.

Novel readers—unless gifted with a more than ordinary fund of sound sense—are liable to merge imperceptibly into a romantic habit of thinking, and to cherish extravagant expectations. Finding in the works they are accustomed to peruse a series of preternatural events—astonishing effects, produced without even a shadow of cause—persons suddenly raised, as by magic, from the extreme of poverty to boundless opulence and loftiness of rank:—finding in the books which they con over by day, and through the vigils of the night, a perpetual recurrence of such unearthly scenery, described in glowing language—it is no wonder that they cherish preposterous hopes—nor is it a wonder if they become disgusted with the homely scenes and occupations of ordinary life—and look with contempt upon every situation, and enjoyment, or connexion, that is actually attainable by them.

If novels have the good effect of beguiling the young into a passion for reading—they have also, not unfrequently, the bad effect of so enervating their minds, that there is left them neither industry nor relish for sober history, nor for any thing else that requires the labor of their understandings and judgments.

Moreover, this kind of reading has a tendency to vitiate the taste, as well in regard to style as sentiment. The readers of novels—they who read them promiscuously or without selection, are accustomed to a style nauseously sweet or rapidly towering—consisting of spangled heaps of words and images which destroy the sense—where any sense there is. Thus accustomed, their feelings are no less repugnant to plain sober language than to plain sober sense.

Finally, it may perhaps be useful to remark, that although novel reading is so fascinating that the more the appetite is fed, the more it craves, yet there is an easy way of releasing one's self from this sort of thraldom. I have seen it stated somewhere of a gentleman who had become so completely in the power of this fascination, that if he took a novel in his hand he needs must read it through—no matter what else demanded his time and attention. At length he became alarmed—and luckily hit upon the following expedient. Whenever a recent novel intruded itself upon him, he turned to the last pages and read the catastrophe,—it never failed to break the charm.

Philadelphia, April, 1837.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EXTRACT FROM A TRANSLATION
OF 1ST SATIRE, HORACE.

BY E. C. JANES.

Pray tell, how happens it Mecænas dear,
None live contented with the station here,
Which either chance may in their way have thrown,
Or reason chosen—praising theirs alone,
Whose each employment, differs from their own;
"Oh happy merchant!" here exclaims in tears
The veteran soldier, now oppressed with years,
With limbs enfeebled, and with wasted strength,
Worn out by mere excess of toil at length:
The merchant, on the other hand, his ship
Tost by the fierce south wind upon the deep,
"Sure, warfare, is to be prefered to this,
Suspense, anxiety, and wretchedness,
The reasons plain—th' engagement is begun,
And scarce indeed hath one brief moment flown;
E'er tis decided what my fate may be,
A speedy death, or joyful victory,"
Praised by the lawyer, is the farmer's state,
The urgent client knocking at his gate;
Disturbing with the cock, his snug repose,
And thus increase his catalogue of woes,
And now but listen to the piteous tale
Of him, who forced to answer given bail,
For town, and town affairs, his farm must leave;
"By Jupiter I verily believe,
That they who nearer court reside, possess,
(And they alone forsooth) true happiness,"
Such instances however to detail,
The eternal talker Fabius would fail,
Lest, then, perchance, your humble muse offend,
By keeping in suspense, I pray attend
Unto what final issue, I will bring
The subject, I have undertook to sing,
Suppose we their sincerity to test,
Some God should say, I grant you your request,
Thy office, merchant, to the soldier yield,
Go and endure the hardships of the field,
Now let the rustic a civilian be;
And be his station lawyer filled by thee,
Changed be each avocation for another,
Tread ye this path in life, and ye the other,
Why halt they thus; unwilling to possess
What was considered real happiness!!
Distend thy cheeks in ire, O Father Jove,
Such instability as this, reprove,
Far too indulgent heretofore, declare,
That thou no longer, lend'st a ready ear,
To every foolish whim, and childish prayer,
And 'tis but just—all must methinks confess—
The merited desert of fickleness.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

BY HANS KELLERMAN.

I have heard it said,—and they were no fools who said it,—that the romance of life was over, that the days of adventure were gone by; but how can this be, when so many volumes, quarto, octavo, and duodecimo, give the lie direct to the assertion? Every body now has his adventures; and they who cannot find monsters at home, contrive to make them in a twelvemonth's tour of the continent. There is no fatigue that a genuine tourist will not endure for the sake of talking of it afterwards, and if he is not lucky enough to meet with any robbers, he is sure to hear of them, which answers his purpose every jot as well; nay, I once had a friend who, having travelled a whole year to no purpose, flung himself in despair into the English river Thames, but by some singular accident swam to shore instead of sinking, and afterwards wrote a pretty account,—a very pretty account indeed of his drowning and subsequent recovery to life. For my own part, however, I have been more fortunate; without stirring a step beyond my native city, I have seen and done enough to make a decent quarto, allowing the usual quantity of margin. In good truth I may say that no one has *suffered more* for his country than myself, and I have no doubt that you will agree with me, that all the terrors which have ever terrified poor human nature, whether by ghost or gunpowder, dirk or devil, are mere jokes to what I endured on that dreadful day when Vienna was bombarded by the French!—the horrible French!—the grinning, grimacing,—chattering, swearing,—cringing, dancing,—frog-eating, man-killing, French!—But to my story.

This bombardment of Vienna took place in the year 1809, on the 11th of May, at the hour of nine —exactly to a minute. I want no memorandum to recollect the date: it cleaves to my memory like the first whipping I received at school, and now it is my *anno domini*,—the centre point to which I refer all the past, present, and future transactions of my life. Nor will you, my kind friends, wonder at it, when you have heard my story; oh, it will make your hearts ache, and your eyes run over! It is, indeed, almost too terrible for belief, posterity will hardly credit the tale; I shall be called a Trenck, a Tott, a Bruce, a Munchausen; but indeed, I only speak the truth, and that too with becoming modesty; Cæsar himself did not tell his tale with greater candour; and again, I boldly say, that no one has *suffered* more for his native land than I have done.

When in the spring of 1809, Napoleon Bonaparte had advanced as far as Linz, with the whole of the French army, my worthy friends and fellow patriots began to have fears for the city of Vienna, or,—to, speak it more correctly,—for themselves in the city of Vienna; for, as to the imperial brick and mortar, that was a trifling consideration. I, as in duty bound, being a colonel of volunteers, endeavoured to comfort them, and bade them take courage, though in simple verity I did not then know what courage was; when, however, on the 10th of May, the Duke of Monte Bello appeared before Vienna, I soon learnt what it was not, and that knowledge was at least worth the other half of the mystery.

I felt a cold shudder creep over me at the sight of the Frenchmen, and I had very little difficulty in bringing over reason to the side of fear;—"Is there not danger?" quoth FEAR. "Very great," replied REASON; "Is man," continued Fear, "educated, clothed, and fattened, at so much expense of time, labour, and money, only to be shot down like an old crow after all! Would not any lean, ignorant, ragged rascal be just as good food for powder, besides being a great saving to the nation!"—"Certainly," replied Reason—and certainly Reason was in the right: nobody shall persuade me that I have cost myself and my mother so much pain, only to be exposed to the discretion of a bullet—a creature that is proverbial for the want of discretion—a beast that makes no distinction of persons, and would as soon kill a prince as a peasant. Oh, the thing is not to be thought of; it is not good; it is not fit; it is abominable.

With this conviction, it may be easily supposed, I had no violent desire for fighting, though the enemy were Frenchmen; it was true, that I heartily hated the whole race of them, but then we are not bound to cut the throat of every man who does not happen to be to our taste. And yet what was to be done! As a colonel of volunteers, I could not handsomely run away from my men and indeed, there was much more fear that the lean slaves would run away from me, for my legs carried four times the load of any given pair in the whole regiment, and therefore were likely to be four times as slow in a retreat. Then too, if by any extraordinary chance they should stand firm, my plight would not be a jot the better; with my rotundity of person I should be a bull's eye to the target, and every gun would be aimed at me; escape would be impossible.

Such were my reflections in the hungry interval between the laying of the cloth and the serving up of dinner, that tedious prologue which all cooks contrive to make as long as possible.

This day too I thought was longer than usual; but at last the fish made its appearance; it was a fine carp, and I had just tasted enough to be able to say so much, without the imputation of rashness, when in bounced my cousin David with the words, "the enemy will attack us this evening."

The carp turned to wormwood in my mouth; never in my life had I eaten so bitter a morsel, and though few had ever suspected me of being a conjuror, yet now I had the faculty of second sight and of second *hearing* too in full perfection—

And coming events cast their shadows before.

I saw the glittering of the French bayonets, and heard the din of the French muskets, though all the time there was neither bayonet nor musket within five miles of the city. But evening came and with it came, both the one and the other, when by a strange perversion of things I could neither see nor hear distinctly; still where my safety was concerned, I had a natural instinct which answered all the purposes of reason, and I clearly felt that it would never do to stay at home and receive a domiciliary visit from the bombs and balls; for in the first place, I reckoned that my quarter would be the chief point of attack; and secondly, I held that any one's cellar would be much more convenient on the present occasion that my own attics, where the bullets would tumble fresh from the air.

All Vienna now was in confusion,—dogs, barking, children squalling, women crying, and men swearing,—but by this time I had acquired inconceivable presence of mind, for while every body else was running without any definite object, I knew perfectly well which way I was going.—With more speed than I had before thought my legs were capable of, I posted off to the opposite side of the city, on a visit to my cousin Joseph, or rather to my cousin Joseph's cellar, which at this moment was to me the dearest spot on earth. I thought it, however, more civil to make himself the ostensible cause of my coming, in which I believe that I only follow the fashion of most guests, whose visits are, generally speaking, less to the host than to his wine-bins.

With my cousin I found a stranger, who, by his pale face, evidently had an eye to the cellar as well as myself. He had on a blue-coat, and wore at his side a sabre of most terrific dimensions; if it had not been for the newness of his garments I should have supposed him to be a poet, for he was as thin as a paper-knife, and, with the green feathers in his hat, looked prodigiously like an eel set up on its tail, and its head stuck with fennel. But poet or not, I felt he was, like myself, a coward,—and why should I be ashamed to own myself of that numerous fraternity! Cowardice may be a misfortune, but it cannot be a vice; valour is as much a gift of Heaven as the genius for poetry or painting; and if a man have it not by nature he will never acquire it by education; you cannot whip courage into a boy like the classics. But I am far from thinking cowardice a vice; on the contrary, I deem it a virtue of the highest order, a sort of necessary cement, without which society would not hold together for eight-and-forty hours; if all men were Cæsars, the world would be too hot to hold them. Nor do I at all regret that I belong to the cement of society, but rather am thankful to dame Nature for having been so economical to me in the article of courage; I shall live twenty years the longer for her discretion on this score, and twenty years of life are worth having to a man who eats three hundred and sixty-five good dinners in the course of the twelve-month, not forgetting a suitable accompaniment of wine, ale, and brandy. Besides, I am no friend of killing any more than of being killed; let those who think otherwise follow their own inclinations; I have not the slightest objection to their stabbing, slashing, shooting, or otherwise slaying, any one, provided that one be not myself; but let them in return leave to me my whole skin,—a necessary article of clothing which indisputably belongs to myself, and myself only. The subject, however, is inexhaustible, and I must perforce leave that, as I left my cousin Joseph, to look after my troops of heroes.

With this view I set off for the North Gate, and my step was as light as if I had been marching to a feast, so much had my courage risen with the certainty of a snug retreat in my cousin's cellar.—Scarcely had I got over half the ground, when the stranger with the pale face was at my elbow.

'We are probably going the same way,' said the pale-face.

'To the walls,' I replied in a determined tone, and was myself almost terrified at the valour of my own voice. In fact, I began to fear that I was not a coward after all, and that my courage might lead me into some danger; of all my fears however, that was the most superfluous. 'We shall have a dreadful night of it, I am afraid,' said the pale-face, "the French are terrible engineers.'—'Psha!'—I was growing bolder every minute,—'Psha! *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*—Follow my example and be firm.'

'Such a mass of flesh may well be firm,' replied the pale-face; 'it is not a trifle that can shake it; but for a poor, meagre, lath-and-plaister devil like myself,—why the very sneezing of an enemy would upset me.'

'Sir, sir, be thankful to Heaven that you occupy so little space in the world; nothing but chance could ever direct a ball to an object so invisible; and, if it should, the breath of the ball would knock you down long before the lead itself could reach you.'

The pale-face was nettled at this remark; he began to grow personal, but I had an instinctive knowledge, that he was more afraid than myself, and accordingly gave my hat the defying cock, and said:

'It is your good luck that I have other and more important business on my hands, or here should be my answer.'

With this I touched my sword significantly, and strutted off into another street in the hope of getting rid of him. Still I had some fear that he might follow me, and did not venture to look over my shoulder lest his pale face should be grinning there. Thanks, however, to my guardian saint, and my own admirable presence of mind, I got out of this troublesome business without any other injury than a little ruffling of the spirits.

I found my company already at their post, and took it into my head to muster them partly to show my zeal for the service, and partly to lay in a stock of reputation, while it might be had at a cheap rate; so that if after my conduct should call my valour in question, my present stoutness might be adduced in its defence. Of course, I expected to find that half my troops had forgotten to come, for it was natural to suppose that the worthy souls were animated by the same peaceful sentiment as their colonel; but no, there they all were, young and old, thick and thin, short and tall, resolved, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, to conquer or to perish. I thought it a pity so much good spirit should be suffered to cool, especially as it was likely there would be great occasion for it; so to keep up the fire, I harangued them; quoted to them all the heroes of antiquity, like a bead-roll of saints, (the schoolmaster of the regiment had supplied me with their names,) and was about to retreat again to my cellar, when the officers on the same station would compel me to take an early supper with them, much against my inclination; not that I objected to a supper; I was too good a citizen for that; but my better genius kept whispering to me, 'Go to your cousin's cellar; you know not what may happen.' Would that I had listened to its suggestion.

The splendid appearance of the officers, and the smell of the hot meats, acted very kindly on my nerves. There was talking and laughing and singing and swearing, drinking and eating, though no one knew whether the tables might not be turned, and himself be a supper for the worms before the morning. Even I felt the cheerful influence of the roast and boiled, and joined most vigorously in the patriotic toasts that followed rather closely on each other. In half an hour I had become a hero—a Bonaparte—when an unlucky varlet thought proper to drink, 'To those who shall fall for their native land and Emperor!' Never was any thing more displaced than such a toast; every eye too was directed at me, as if I were the destined victim, and they were drinking my safe journey to the other world. From that moment my courage fell like the English stocks; the ringing of glasses was to me like the tolling of death-bells; and the voices about me sounded like so many requiems. If a chair fell, I thought the house was coming down; and if a door slammed, the bombardment had begun. Internally I vowed to get to some snug retreat with the first opportunity,—a measure which did not at all derogate from my patriotism, for the city would still have my good wishes; and as to my presence, my military talents were not so great but that the state might make a shift to do without me.

In amends for my deficiences, my brother officers were all growing more and more valiant; they agreed, *nem. con.* that the French would not dare to attack us; that they wanted troops, wanted time, wanted courage, wanted ammunition, wanted every thing, in short, but the inclination; and however strong inclination may be, it is not strong enough to knock down walls of brick and mortar. All this was convincing, and I was convinced, that is, my head was convinced; but I could not bring my heart over to the same belief, though the impossibility of an attack was proved to a demonstration; nothing could be clearer, it was two and two make four. An officer of grenadiers, with a most heroic pair of whiskers, had the goodness to enter into a particular argument with me on the subject, and had just proved that not a cannon would or could be fired that night, when the clock struck nine, and at the first stroke it was as if heaven and earth would come together; the bombardment had really begun. The whole assembly seemed for several minutes struck into lifeless statues, like the king's court in the Arabian Tale, each limb being fixed in its immediate attitude.—My neighbour on the left hand had just brought a slice of pudding to his mouth, and there it remained immoveable. My neighbour on the right had dipped his spoon into the gravy of a dish on which smoked a fine hare, and now it seemed as if he were feeding the animal that obstinately turned away its nose. Several knives and forks, that had only arrived half way to their respective mouths were fixed in air; and the jaws of my opposite friend, having dropped down to his breast, showed a cavity like the entrance to some unknown region. The only sign of life in the assembly was with a lieutenant, who, when the first bomb fell was employed in filling his glass, and now continued the same action, while the overflowing wine ran about on all sides. But this state of things could not last long; the drums beat to arms, the company separated for their posts, and I set off for cousin Joseph's cellar, when, as the devil would have it, I was met by a multitude in full tide for the walls. To pass through them was impossible. I squeezed myself close to the wall, hoping that the stream might pass by me; but no; it seemed as if the crowd were come for no other earthly purpose than to carry me to my post, whither I was borne by simple pressure in spite of all my resistance. Here I found my troop, their arms gleaming in the black torch-light. There was no retreating now, for one of the links shone on me most unmercifully, while the balls and bombs were whizzing like a swarm of cockchafers over our heads or rather over my head, for every bullet was directed at me—at nobody but me.—The object of the French seemed not so much to bombard Vienna as my innocent person; and, what was still more extraordinary, the balls, one and all, and an intuitive knowledge of where I was to be found.—Most willingly would I have retreated rather than expose my dear friends to so much danger on my account, for to stand near me was like standing near steel in a storm of lightning; but I could not move; the dense rows behind me prevented all hopes of flight, so that all I could do was to screw myself into as small a compass as possible, and trust the rest to Providence.

By this time some hundreds of bullets had passed over us without hurting any one,—a circumstance attended with the most beneficial effect on my companions. Their courage came to them as the danger seemed to lessen, at which I was not at all surprised; for it must be owned that nothing does so much injury to valour as the presence of danger. Some were even bold enough to talk of volunteering on the walls, when whiz! burst a bomb amongst us, and stretched several of my heroes on the ground. In an instant all was flight and confusion, and I of course felt it my duty to call back my men to theirs; so off I flew in pursuit of them, running and bawling might and main, till by some accident I found myself deposited in an ice-cellar. Oh! I would not have exchanged it for the best room in the Emperor's palace. I was, however, far from being at my ease, being crumpled up in a corner amidst women and children, who were screaming, praying, scolding, swearing, and making a concert that only wanted the braying of the long-eared animal to be quite perfect in its kind. Some of my troops, too, had followed me to this place of safety, either from natural instinct, or because they held it incumbent on them to follow their leader in the paths of honour, even though they should happen to lead to an ice-cellar. Still there was a wall between me and danger, and I felt perfectly satisfied, though my crushed legs served as a seat for half a dozen heavy-armed grenadiers; when on a sudden, a dreadful crash was heard over head, and the walls of the cellar fairly trembled. Those who were before me fell plump against my frontal protuberance; those behind tumbled on my neck and shoulders; while at least twenty legs, and as many hands, garnished with the usual proportion of claws, were digging at my sides. I firmly believed that the cellar was tumbling about us, and shouted most furiously. My men answered by a shout of corresponding vigour; with their bass mingled the tenors and sopranos of the women and children, and such a concert was raised as never had been heard since the siege of Troy.

By degrees our vocalists grew weary, and at the end of half an hour, the boldest of the party took courage enough to express a hope that we were still living. I ventured to ask if the cellar had not fallen; no one in his own person had reason to suppose it, though each had believed his neighbour was not only dead, but comfortably buried without the assistance of a sexton. As soon however, as we found that all of us were safe and sound, our valour rose to the very top of the thermometer; but it was quickly damped by the smell of smoke, that now crept in upon us from a thousand invisible crevices. Every nose was agreed as to the fact, and a little consideration told us that we were sitting under a burning house, the smoke of which increased so much in a few minutes, that we were almost stifled. Still no one could find in his heart to venture out from his snug retreat, amidst the shower of bullets that rained incessantly. As a sort of compromise between terror and prudence, we opened the cellar door,—an expedient that was not without its evils; for it not only let in the air, but a party of troops, sent out to recall the runaways to their posts. Necessity, says the proverb, is the mother of invention; I bound my red pocket-handkerchief about my head, groaned piteously, and besought them to let me have a surgeon, and the fellows being tolerably drunk, my scheme succeeded. I again began to feel myself in safety, when a second party appeared with an equal affection for the ice-cellar. Unfortunately there was no room for these new-comers, and they, fancying our cellar concealed a store of wine, threatened to storm our little fortification. Upon this, the garrison within took up their arms; the assailants without did the same; and in an instant we were threatened with a *bellum plus quam civile*. What could be more absurd! Every shot must inevitably hit me who stood in the centre. In despair I cried out, 'Halt! I am the Colonel!' Whether it was the force of my voice, or the force of subordination, I know not, but the soldiers drew back without firing a single shot! At the moment I felt that I had achieved a victory; I felt myself a real patriot; I had by my own unassisted wit prevented a civil war, and saved my own life, as well as the lives of others. Truly, I began to think I was a hero after all, but that my valour had lain locked up in my heart, like the fire in a flint, and could only be called forth by collision.

It was not till the break of day that the bombardment ceased, when, with proper precautions, I thrust my head again into the open air. All was quiet, except in my own ears, that still rang with the noises of the night. I hastened, therefore, to assume a military appearance, shook myself like a ruffled hen, cocked my hat valiantly, brought my sword to the proper position—it had travelled round to my right side;—took the handkerchief from my head, coughed thrice, and by the time I reached my company, looked something like a hero. My soldiers, too, had recovered their valour, now that there was no occasion for it—my case always! just when I don't want valour, I am sure to find him at my elbow; but the moment he is wanted, the ungrateful rascal runs away, and leaves me in the lurch. This by the way though! Not one of my party was missing, save those who were wounded by the fall of the shell; all looked heroes, yet many who now wore most terrific faces smelt confoundedly of the cellar; my nose was too well acquainted with the smoke to be in any doubt about the fact; but I wisely hold my tongue, and have ever since passed for a man of valour, and been known among my peaceful neighbours by the appellation of the *Colonel*.

Sunday Reading.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

Shall a poor finite worm attempt t' explain
The breadth, the length, the depth and height of love—
Of love divine!—the love of Christ to man?
How vain the task, since angel minds would fail.
The language that the subject would require,
Is infinite, and known by God alone.
The glory of each letter far outshines
The brightest orb that decks the host of heav'ns.—
A word would fill the universe with light,
And be an endless source of mystery.
The triune God—upon his great white throne,—
The father Son and Holy Ghost confer,
And be astonish'd, Oh ye earth and heav'n,
The glorious theme is man's immortal bliss.
The whole is graven on the eternal throne,
Hid light, beyond all light approach'd or seen.

T' fulfil the council of the Trinity,
Behold the Son!—didst hear his wond'rous words?—
"Within the volume of the book 'tis writ,
And lo! I come to do thy will Oh, God.
I will, in sinners' stead, with human form
And nature, bear the righteous curse of sin,
By bearing on my soul its weight of woe,
And purging with my blood its stains away."
If heaven *could* weep, it would have drop'd a tear.

'Tis love unspeakable, 'tis heav'n's best gift—
Its *breadth* extends co-equal with the curse,
Which would have damned *eternally* the soul.
From *everlasting* to *eternal* day,
Its *length* doth reach. And from the *throne of God*,
To *sorrow, pain* and *death*, its wonderous *depth*.
Its *height* runs parallel with *Zion's topless hill*,
Through all the glories of the heaven of heavens.

But who can tell the guilt of sin, or paint
The nameless horrors of eternal death?
What saint can comprehend the eternal weight
Of glory, which He purchas'd with His blood?
What angel 'ere beheld the dazzling height
From which He stoop'd, or the high power possess'd
To tell the weight of woe He bore for man?
Who can conceive of what God hath prepar'd
For His elect, unspeakably beyond
The most exalted bliss that angels know?
When these shall all be told and understood,
We then can comprehend "*The Love of Christ.*"
Philadelphia, 1837.

Active duties afford relief to Sorrow.

In my judgment, one of the best proofs that sorrow has had its right effect on the mind is, that it has not incapacitated you for business;—your business being duties. I well know that under the pressure of heavy affliction it is more soothing to the heart to sink down into the enjoyment of a kind of sad indulgence, and to make itself believe that this is as right as it is gratifying; especially while it mixes some pious thoughts with this unprofitable tranquility. But who can say, even after the severest loss, I have no duties, no cares, in life remaining. Much less can a tender mother say it, who has still so many looking to her advice, and what is almost more, to her example. It is not the smallest part of the good that you may do them, to let them see what effect great trials have upon your mind, and that christianity enables you to bear up against such a stroke. It is an excellent sign that after the cares and labours of the day you can return to your pious exercises and meditations with undiminished attention. This will be a good criterion by which to judge of your state.—*Letter from Hannah More to Lady Waldegrave.*

What a change from that poor tattered chamber to the regions of Paradise! from a bed of straw, to the bosom of Abraham, from poverty, sickness, and pain, to eternal riches, health, and joy! from the condition of a decayed weary pilgrim in the valley of tears, to that of a happy traveller safely arrived at home, in the rest that remaineth to the people of God!

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The weather, the beginning of March at Naples, was unusually severe—Vesuvius covered with snow for down the mountain. The cold was great *greatly injuring* the vines.

The silk manufactories in Switzerland and on the Rhine, are flourishing, to the disparagement of those of France. In Hungary also a brisk trade spring, up.

The admirers and friends of Cobbett in London have determined to celebrate the anniversary of his birth-day.

A workman of Versailles has been tried and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Bicetre Hospital for incurables, for repeatedly beating in terms of praise of the authors of the "infernal machines."—*Tipperary Constitution.*

Irish Tranquility!—There are at this moment 20 persons in our jail charged with murder, or manslaughter, and 6 for conspiracy to murder.—*Tipperary Constitution.*

Grecian Gunnery.—An omnibus has been started by an English gentleman at Athens, and a mail-coach by Prussians, which run four times a day between Athens and the Piræus.

Lady Canning is to be interred in Westminster Abbey. She was affectionately attended in her illness by her daughter Marchioness of Clanricarde.

The Morlens and Signor Baraglia, are giving concerts at Modena.

Gratitude.—March 12.—In the diocese of Bengal, hundreds of persons have given notice of their intention to emigrate to North America.

The "Song and Anthem."—A book and print-shop seller in London, has two papers in his window on each of which is written "The Song and Anthem to be had here for 2d." and on the other, "The anthem cured for 3d."

The Bulletin des Lois, contains a census of the population of France, divided into departments, districts, and communes, and amounting in all to a total of 35,540,910 individuals. This census will for the next five years be the official and general return of the population.

At a late meeting of the Linnæan Society of London, the chairman exhibited a shell of the "cone shell," or "Jersey cabbage," which was 2 feet 4 inches long, the circumference of it being taken from the root being 4 inches, and in two other parts 3½ inches.

At the Circus, at Walbeach, England, the gallery, with all the seats, came down with a tremendous crash into the riding ring. Fortunately no one sustained any serious injury, though all were slightly bruised.

Astrology.—In the House of Commons last month, a petition was presented from William Parker, petitioning into the merits of the science of astrology, and for the amendment of the law relating thereto.

A Display of Legs.—The Emperor of Russia has sent his fleet annually to enter for the handsomest pair of Scale-coloured silk pantaloons, for the delectors at St. Petersburg and Moscow. They are to arrive at their destination before the end of August.—*English Paper.*

French Exploring Expedition.—M. Dumont d'Urville (captain in the French Navy) is to command a new expedition around the Globe. He is highly spoken of.

The French and English fishermen in the mackerel trade on the coasts of their respective countries, are at sword's points, and the governments are looking into the matter.

Royal Courtesy.—Louis Philippe has sent the king Deucalion, Capt. Brest, with presents around to Smyrna, and all the ports of the Mediterranean where the young Prince de Joinville was in the late last year received with such marks of distinction.

The following conversation actually took place the other day between two cabmen:—"I say, Tom, have you seen Jem lately?"—"No not for a long while—because he's got the infirmary."—"Well, I am glad of that, poor fellow, for he's been out of a situation for a long time."—*London paper.*

Mr. Crockford is about to obtain a patent for a new submarine card, prepared from the cuticle of the Hippotamus, by a mysterious process, known only to the ancient Greeks.

A Revolution at Marseilles.—Captain Chamberlain, arrived at New York, from Marseilles reports a revolution at that place, and states that when he sailed the inhabitants were under arms.

The Belgian Chambers have granted the sum of 250,000 francs, for the purchase of the library of the late M. Van Hulthem.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, arrived at Greece on the 9th, from Nice. He was waited upon at his hotel by the Governor of the city.—*Journal du Commerce.*

Dardaddy of Iron.—Among the curosities exhibited on the 14th of March in the model room of the Society of Arts in London, were a wrought iron anchor and chain cable from the twenty-four pounder sunk in the Royal George, at Portsmouth, in August, 1782—a bomb shell which had been in the sea nearly eight hundred years. Part of a ball broken off by a cannon from the Mary Rose, sunk at Portsmouth in 1545, was found to be converted into phosphate.

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Saturday Evening Post.

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The new Circus in Chesnut street, intended for the New York Equestrian Company, has progressed with a rapidity that is well calculated to excite the surprise of the scholars and quiet citizens who have been long among us. The edifice has been erected in the form of a circle, and the interior is being finished with the same rapidity, that distinguished the running up of the walls. In considering this mushing up process, it has been suggested, that there should be taken that the rapidity of its does does not prevent a suitable extension and adhesion of the parts, sufficient at least to ensure due permanence to the edifice. That there has been an amazing degree of illimous shown in the erection of the walls, has been a matter of such general remark, that we suppose it very probable, that a building thereof before it came to carry to satisfy themselves on that point.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Outrage.—Two outrages of a character calculated to excite more than ordinary indignation, occurred in the district of Sedwick on Friday night week. In the first instance an old lady on the road from shopping, with a rein in one hand and a pair of shoes in the other hand, was followed for some distance by a scoundrel, who lurked behind her door in the neighborhood of Second street and German, watched his opportunity when her hand and caught his escape. A few minutes after, another female was knocked down in the vicinity of Jefferson street and Second. In this latter instance, the villain was seen and pursued, but escaped at the top of his speed, by jumping over a fence and secreted himself under a pile of boards. He was discovered, however, dragged from his place of concealment, and taken before Alderman Manderfield and bailed to the Court. The Alderman would first examine the parties, and then decide. During the delivery of this short address, the audience and the bail that he had committed of manner, the prisoner appeared deeply agitated.

He is, we are informed, a young man, or rather boy, of about 19 years, who four years since left his parents in the vicinity of Amherst, New Hampshire, and betook himself to the sea. On the voyage he became acquainted with a Scotchman, (a much mystery resided in this affair, and we have not been able to learn his name,) who taught him the rudiments of penmanship, and who, it appears our regret that one so young, so bold, and so talented for such he is represented to us to be, should have been the dupe of his own base passions, or what is quite as possible, of the cruel treachery of another.

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MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR—BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

An individual of this city was arraigned before Squire Doty, on Saturday last, upon the charge of having decoyed under false pretences, a respectable and interesting young female into his room, and there to have had the most treacherous of the most revolting character. We have seldom heard of so brutal an outrage, as one which was better calculated to excite the indignation of a christian community. The testimony against the prisoner was of the most positive strong to justify the magistrate in committing him to answer the charge in the next Court. It appeared from the testimony of the prosecutrix that the people, who had been attracted to the office by the noise and confusion in the street, would indict upon him summary chastisement. We are happy to state, however, that no violence was attempted.

The unfortunate victim of this diabolical outrage, is said to be a girl of unblemished character, and is now a wretched maniac. She was brought into court by her mother and most respectable witnesses, a most exemplary character, and to whom she was well known. The prisoner was kept dark during her confinement, and the first intelligence of her situation, her confinement and escape, were derived from her father on his return home from sea.

On her return home from singing school, while she was in the habit of attending twice a week, she was accosted by the villain, who, as he acquired her name was not Miss——, but Mrs. ——, and that her husband was at sea. He then proceeded to the house of her brother in order to be informed of death, and that he had been sent expressly to convey her to his bedside: she accordingly accompanied him to the house of her brother to a house in an obscure street, and shortly after a boy arrived with a note, stating that her mother was kept dark during her confinement, and that the illness of a child was the cause. At this time she was threatened and treated with considerable violence by the monster who had decoyed her into his company. She was then left in the custody of the two, who visited her. But it was a woman who had been left in charge, on going into her room, when she thinks she would be safe, that she found her in the state described—on occasion carried a candle with her into the room, and found her in bed with a man. She has been left unchecked, whether by accident or design we cannot say, but that the fact is fully corroborated by the testimony of the lady with whom she resided, who represents that she had left her in charge of a number of her children, and enquired for Miss Jones, and who was then in bed with a man dangerously ill. Upon being told that she was at singing-school, she went and found her in bed with a man, (a much mystery resided in this affair, and we have not been able to learn his name,) who taught him the rudiments of penmanship, and who, it appears our regret that one so young, so bold, and so talented for such he is represented to us to be, should have been the dupe of his own base passions, or what is quite as possible, of the cruel treachery of another.

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Commonwealth vs. John Warren.—*Perjury.*—Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Ingersoll; attorney and publishing, a 800 note of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, with intent to defraud the president, and Marietta. Application by defendant for continuance to next Saturday week, which was granted, to prepare for trial, and refused by court, on the ground of the testimony to be given by Mr.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, May 6, 1837.

Agency.—P. P. Runyon, Esq. of New Brunswick, N. J. has been appointed agent for Atkinson's periodicals at New Brunswick, Rahway, Newark, Plainfield, &c. in place of Wm. Ross, resigned.

CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

The great sale of lots and lands to take place at Beaver City, on the 17th inst. is worthy the attention of capitalists, and all disposed to make a good and safe investment of money. The value of ground in that place must inevitably increase faster than capital at compound interest. The great manufacturing advantages—and as soon as the canals from Lake Erie are completed, the great commercial facilities of the place, must be apparent to every person who will examine its unrivalled position.

It may be observed that the travelling on the Pennsylvania Canals and Rail Roads to Pittsburg, is now delightful—no route has more romantic scenery, and no mode of travelling is more agreeable than that to be found in the elegant and commodious accommodations of the *Pioneer Line*—they are the theme of all travellers who have tried them. Three and a half days of travel without fatigue or annoyance, a never failing supply of good company, excellent fare, and the polite attentions of the company's officers, may be safely anticipated by those who wish to *enjoy* a tour to the "*West*," and a relaxation from the perplexities and annoyances of dull times.

COAL.

A meeting of the Colliers, and those otherwise interested in coal operations, in various parts of the state, took place on Saturday the 29th ult. at the Pennsylvania Hall, in Pottsville. From the report of the committee we learn that great embarrassment and distress has taken place among the traders in this article, and that the consequences have been severely felt among the miners, and other operatives engaged in its production. The causes, are the general derangement of the currency, and the large supply that was laid up during the winter, in anticipation of the passage of the bill repealing the duties on foreign coal. The demand at this time has almost entirely ceased, and many of the contractors have refused to take the large quantities previously ordered. The severity of the season, and the lateness of opening the navigation, have also had an important and injurious effect. Great numbers of the labourers in the vicinity of the mines have been recently discharged, and a general stagnation of business is anticipated. The committee conclude their report, by asking for a fulfillment of their bargains by contractors, and a renewal of orders, both as a matter of justice and policy.

We fear that while the money market continues in its present state, that it will be impossible for these requests to be complied with, and it is useless for the dealers in coal to hope for an exemption from the distress and ruin, in which every other branch of trade, both foreign and domestic, are involved.

BREAD.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers, stating that although the price of flour has been greatly diminished, yet the charge for bread continues as high as ever, and the loaves retain their late diminutive size. We have heard it stated, that a few other components besides pure flour, are required to fall in price, before the price of baker's bread will experience any material change.

The *American Monthly Magazine* for May, just published, is embellished with a most beautiful mezzotint engraving by Sartain from a drawing by Dr. Bird of the *Mammoth Cave* in Kentucky. It is sufficient to say in commendation of this elegant periodical that Dr. Bird has become an associate editor in the work. See a notice of the engraving in another column.

Among the numerous plans proposed for the relief of the merchants, during the present crisis, it is not surprising that the general suspension of specie payments, should have found a few advocates. This system, it is unnecessary to say, would have a ruinous effect upon the character and resources of the country. The immediate effect of it, would be a great depreciation in the value of real estate and landed property of all descriptions. Next to this would follow the loss of that credit, which the merchants of the United States have always held in foreign markets. And lastly, would be the entire destruction of that confidence among ourselves, which though now greatly broken and impaired, would need the effect of this measure for its total eradication.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Arrangements are now being made for surveying the distance between Norfolk, (Va.) and Charleston, (S. C.) for the purpose of establishing a regular inland communication by water, between them. Canals will be cut from the various points otherwise inaccessible, and the many advantages gained in point of time, distance, &c. will, it is presumed, readily repay the expense. This improvement will have an undoubted effect, not only upon the points designated in the line of communication, but will also add considerable impetus to the entire inland trade of all the southern states.

PLEASANT ALTERNATIVES.

An exchange paper from Boston recommends those labourers and mechanics, who have been thrown out of employment by the recent measures of the government, to apply at the barracks and enlist in its service. A paper in this city recommends them to become household servants, and lauds the advantages of such a situation, in unmeasured terms. We doubt whether either of these alternatives will be adopted, while the "wide west" offers its present inducements to enterprise and industry.

THEATRICALS.

The Chestnut St. Theatre closed on Saturday evening last, with the most brilliant audience, that it has contained during the season. There was a perceptible improvement in the acting on this occasion, as every performer was desirous of leaving a favourable impression on the minds of the audience, and we have no doubt that this was the case, Mr. Wood, Miss Tree and Mr. Hamilton, more especially deserve our commendation. The performance of the other parts, though greatly improved, was characterized by the same defects we alluded to in our last. The afterpiece of the Barrack Room, contributed greatly to increase the high reputation, which Miss Tree has gained in this city. It is only in tragic or pathetic parts, that the excellence of this lady as a performer, fully exhibits itself. At the close of the performance, she appeared in compliance with the call of the audience, and responded to it by a graceful reverence, which to use a hibernicism was the best *speech* she could have made.

The Arch St. Theatre opened on Monday evening with the same company, that has hitherto been playing at the Chesnut St. house. On Tuesday evening, the comedy of Sweethearts and Wives, was enacted. We must however disavow any intention of criticizing the performance, the house being so crowded that it was almost impossible to obtain a view of the stage. "The May Queen" was performed on Wednesday evening.

The extravaganza of "Quadrupeds," concluded the entertainments of the evening. The equestrian manœuvres were admirably managed.

Miss Ellen Tree appears this evening, for the benefit of Mr. Wood. We deem it necessary only to mention the fact.

STATE OF THE MONEY MARKET IN G. BRITAIN.

There appears but little doubt, from the latest information received, that the major part of the commercial community of Great Britain will escape, in a great measure, from the difficulties that have been so widely spread throughout the United States. The Bank of England, it is positively stated, has entered into an arrangement to lend the United States Bank two million pounds, without the necessity of an immediate shipment of specie on the part of the latter.—We have no doubt that the effect will be to restore confidence and credit among those engaged in the foreign trade. The regulation of domestic trade and exchanges, depends, unfortunately, upon the measures of our own government.

TEXAS.

The latest report from this country, mentions that emigrants are flocking in from all parts of the United States, at about the rate of two hundred persons *per diem*. The weather during the spring season, has been cold and unpleasant, and decidedly unfavourable to cultivation. Lands are nevertheless rapidly increasing in value, and the demand for them, has been in the same proportion. The merchandize that has been imported into the country, greatly exceeds the supply required, and in consequence the settlers obtain, all that they require at a moderate rate. The remains of the defenders of the Alamo, including those of the lamented Crockett, Travis and Bowie, were collected into a single coffin, and buried with military honours.

It is mentioned in the Staunton Register, that that the proprietor of a large estate in Virginia, has been arrested in England for *forgery*.

The New York Commercial of Wednesday last, mentions the failure of the house of Arthur Tappan & Co. Several other firms largely engaged in business, have since suspended payment.

CHILDHOOD.

There is a harmony in the natural accents of children, and a vividness of expression in their glances, that always disappear before the era of manhood. It resembles the freshness of the early verdure of spring, when contrasted with the deep and riper foliage of the summer.—According to the fanciful idea of a modern writer, children are spirits descended from above, and encircled with the serene and hallowed atmosphere of the everlasting Heavens.

Lake Champlain was completely closed by ice at the latest date.

The New York Post contradicts the report in some of the opposition papers, stating that the government had issued an order to the collector of the port of that city, to enforce the payment of the custom-house bonds on the part of those merchants who have been obliged to suspend payment. The Post states "from authority," that the government will allow every indulgence that is in its power.

One of the most amusing books we have read recently, is Jack Brag, by the author of Sayings and Doings. The characters are delineated with great force and precision, and the events narrated, are evidently from the graphic pen of a master in the art of comic imaginations. The moral of the story is good. The work is for sale by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of this city.

BURNING OF THE TREASURY.

The trial of Richard H. White, for the above named offence, was concluded on Tuesday morning last, by the return of the Jury into Court, not having been able to agree upon a verdict.—It appears not improbable that the further prosecution of the case will be declined by the Attorney General, this having been the third trial the prisoner has undergone, besides the imprisonment he has suffered. The Intelligencer speaks highly of the great legal ability and eloquence displayed by the counsel, engaged in the prosecution and defence. The wife of the prisoner was in attendance during the whole time of the trial, and awakened much interest in the minds of the spectators from the distressing nature of her situation.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

One hundred and four thousand dollars in specie, was received by the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, on the 18th ult. It came from the agency at St. Louis.

The receipts of the U. States Treasury for the month of March, amounted to	$3,225,366
From customs,	1,997,303
From lands,	1,221,063
Receipts of the quarter to March 31,	8,769,325
Expenditures, do.	7,409,731

BANK DIVIDENDS.

	Per cent
Bank of Penn Township,	7
Mechanics',	6
Southwark,	5
Kensington,	5
Moyamensing,	5
Commercial,	4½
Girard,	4
Farmers' and Mechanics',	4
Manufacturers' and Mechanics',	4
Western,	3½
Philadelphia,	3½
Schuylkill,	4
Farmers Bank of Bucks County,	5
Germantown & Perkiomen Turnpike Co.	2½

Frankford and Bristol Turnpike Company, $2 50 per share.
Columbia Bank and Bridge Company, $2 per share.

Tricks on Travellers.—A gentleman from Auburn, having laid out near $1000, and having $160 remaining in his pockets, went to the Five Points, where, while refreshing in an arcade, he was accosted by a person who, ascertaining that the gentleman was from Auburn, discovered a very minute knowledge of that locality and great familiarity with the inhabitants. The result was an agreeable *tete a tete*, during which the countryman found he lost all his money, which, upon being made known to the other, this latter very generously sympathized with the loser, and said he would next morning accompany him to the police, when the money would probably be obtained. The next morning, of course, the generous individual was not to be found, but the police soon ferreted him out as an old offender from the Auburn prison, named John McDonnagh. Only $25 was found upon him. Committed.

Miss Grove.—A young lady with this name, it will be remembered, recently fulfilled an engagement at the Chesnut Street Theatre, and excited considerable interest, as well from her youth, as her tact as an actress and her interesting appearance generally. The following sketch of her recent history, from a late number of the New York Era, is quite romantic:

"Miss Grove, prior to her arrival in this country, was betrothed to a Mr. Yarnold, lessee of the Pavillion Theatre, London. Before however the nuptial rites were solemnized, she accompanied her father to the United States on a professional tour, for their mutual advantage but, which resulted more to his than her emolument. In the mean time the gentleman to whom she was affianced, having received a large accession of property from a deceased relative, instantly despatched a lady for her, with letters, wardrobe and ample funds to enable her to return to England. The Lady who was appointed as her guardian, after much difficulty, traced her from this city to Richmond, Va.

"Here the clue terminated until a gentleman of this city acquainted with the facts, accidentally saw her in Philadelphia in company with her father. He forthwith stated to her the news from home, and she gladly consented to return without delay, against which, however, her father seriously remonstrated. She nevertheless arrived in New York, and on the return of the lady who was at the south in search of her, gave her father a silent good bye, and set sail immediately in one of the London packets."

A French paper states that a young man calling himself Francois Conichet had been arrested as a vagabond, who on examination was found to be a lineal descendant of the celebrated Count Viliers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Order of Malta in 1459. When taken up he was covered with rags, and stated to the police that he had intentionally caused himself to be arrested, hoping to obtain some provision for his subsistence. He had been employed at one time in furnishing paragraphs for a newspaper, and had been frequently punished as a vagabond under a variety of assumed names. There can be no doubt that among some classes in France destitution is great, but it is hard to believe that a worthy descendant of such an ancestor, possessing abilities and good education, could have been reduced to so low a depth of misery as the present instance would indicate.

CONVENTION FOR REVISING THE CONSTITUTION.

At 12 o'clock the convention was called to order by Mr. Clarke, of Indiana, who nominated Gen. Henry Scheetz, of Montgomery county, as chairman protem. Mr. M'Sherry, of Adams, nominated Gen. Thomas S. Cunningham, of Mercer. H. G. Rogers, Esq. of Allegheny, and William Clark, Esq. of Dauphin, were appointed Tellers, who reported that Thomas S. Cunningham had been duly elected, he having received 66 votes, a majority of all the votes present; Henry Sheetz 64 votes, and James Clarke 1 vote. Mr. Cunningham having taken the chair, Mr. M'Sherry moved that James C. Biddle of Philadelphia, and Charles A. Barnitz, of York, be appointed Secretaries protem. Mr. Banks, of Mifflin, nominated Thomas Earle, of Philadelphia, and John Y. Barclay, Esq. of Westmoreland, as Secretaries. Mr. Porter, of Northampton, moved to postpone the nominations before the chair, and that the persons now acting as Tellers, officiate as Secretaries for the primary organization of the convention. The motion was not agreed to. The meeting then proceeded to the election of Secretaries, and James C. Biddle and Charles A. Barnitz were declared to be duly chosen.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth presented two copies of proclamations issued by the Governor, declaring the names of the gentlemen duly elected delegates to the convention. The proclamations were read.

Mr. Mann, of Montgomery, moved that when this meeting adjourns, it will adjourn to meet again to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, and that that be the standing hour of meeting, until otherwise ordered. The motion was not agreed to.

Mr. Cope, of Philadelphia, moved that the convention proceed to the election of a President.

Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia, moved to postpone the question, for the purpose of offering a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to report what, and what number of officers are necessary, and the rules which shall govern the future deliberations of the convention. The motion was not agreed to.

Mr Bell then moved to postpone, for the purpose of offering a resolution adopting the rules of the House of Representatives, so far as they may be applicable, for the government of the convention. Negatived.

The motion made by Mr Cope, was then agreed to, and the convention proceeded to the choice of a President, prior to which

Mr. M'Sherry, of Adams, nominated John Sergeant.

Mr. Dillinger, of Lehigh, do. James M. Porter.

The Secretaries made report, that John Sergeant was duly elected, having received 66 votes, and James M. Porter, 63 votes, James Clarke, 1 vote, and Almon H. Read, 1 vote.

Mr. Sergeant was conducted to the chair by Mr. Porter, and returned his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, in an address of some length.

A motion was then made that when the convention adjourns, it adjourns to meet again tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and that that be the standing hour of meeting until otherwise ordered.

The convention then adjourned.

From the New York Gazette.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

The ploughing match of the American Institute was celebrated at the farm of Gen. Johnson, at Williamsburg, L. I. At one o'clock, a procession, consisting of many of the most eminent men skilled in the science of agriculture, moved in a body to the ground prepared for the occasion. They passed over Williamsburg Ferry to the farm of General Jeremiah Johnson, a mile distant from the ferry, where was in preparation a lot of ground of nine acres, ready to receive the ploughs offered for premium, at the last fair of the American Institute. There were three in number, and of excellent quality.

A plot of ground, of nine acres, of the finest loam land which can be found in the country was selected, and the most skillful ploughmen were engaged in the performance.

The award of the Judges after retiring, and mature deliberation, was as follows:

The committee appointed by the American Institute critically to examine the several ploughs exhibited and put into operation on the farm of Gen. Jeremiah Johnson, at the Wallabout, report,

That on such examination they do unanimously agree, and decide that the yellow plough of Josiah Dutchie is the best, and that the plough of Miner & Horton is the second best, both as to their structure and operation. The committee would further state that the plough brought and tested by Mr. Wyckoff, although not within the province of the committee to decide upon, is equal to the second best.—Dated at the Wallabout, this 28th day of April, 1837.

There were present many of the most scientific agricultural gentlemen in the country. We noticed them from New Hampshire to Missouri.—All agreed that it was one of the most pleasant rural exhibitions that had ever passed under their observation.

We have a word to say in particular. Many gentlemen, practical farmers and otherwise, held the plough, most of them farmers of Long Island, who all did justice to their peculiar avocation; but some extraneous operations were put into requisition. For instance, our friend of the Commercial Advertiser; he prides himself in the kink in his back, which he asserts, was contracted in boyhood by holding the plough.—We believe it, for no one held the plough better than himself. He tried all the ploughs, and all the teams, oxen, horses and mules—to say nothing of the *heifers* with which he has lately ploughed.

After the match came off, the company repaired to the Hotel of Capt. Kean, were a sumptuous entertainment was prepared. Here the company enjoyed themselves to a late hour in the day.

MONEY MARKET.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25—*City, 1 A. M.*—Bad, worse, worst. In the early part of March, we had the bad of things. Towards the 1st of April, they became worse. Then a calm that some men would fain interpret as premonitory of the crisis having past. It is now approaching very rapidly the worst. We had an extensive cotton house failure yesterday, for what amount has not transpired. It was supposed that this establishment would weather the storm, but it could not hold out against the violence of the gale. It will carry other establishments with it.

Cotton, if possible, is more a drug than ever. We have to record a sale of 42 bales best Mississippi at 8¼ cents. Prices according to quality are out of the question at present.

For cash, all other qualities of produce can be bought in quantities at 10 or 15 per cent. below quoted rates, so desirable it is to get money.—Coffee is falling rapidly, and may be purchased in large lots at 9½ to 10 cents.

The Banks are doing nothing. They may be said to be winding up their old business—by curtailing on debts as they become due, and renewing where the best security is offered.—Now and then a bit of new and choice paper may be done, but such visitations are few and far between.

Some of the Effects.—A highly respectable gentleman from Virginia, was in this city a day or two since, on his way home from Mississippi, and gave some facts in relation to the money affairs which were well worthy of serious consideration. He is well known here by gentlemen from his neighborhood in Virginia, to be worth about $1,000,000. He had been to Mississippi to purchase a plantation. He saw some strange things there. A planter had about 30 negroes taken by the Sheriff and sold at auction. There was a crowd assembled—but one or two bidders were found. The 30 negroes were knocked off for a little more than four thousand dollars.—The crowd gathered about the purchaser and warned him not to pay for the negroes, for he should not have them—their neighbor's property should not be thus sacrificed. The consequence was, the negroes went back to their master. At Vicksburg, he found an acquaintance with 20 or 30 negroes for sale. The man could get no money for them, and actually had to apply to the Virginia gentleman for a loan of money to pay his board bill with. He saw at Vicksburg, some negroes up at auction—cash sale. A likely looking fellow was bid for until $350 were offered.—Not another bid could be had. The owner then stepped up and changed the terms of sale from cash to twelve months credit, with ample security. The bidding raised like electricity. The same fellow was knocked off at $1625.

The gentleman arrived at New Orleans in company with a fellow Virginian, and there they got out of cash. The gentleman tried to dispose of a draft on the bank at Alexandria, for a few hundred dollars to carry him home, and showed a certificate from its cashier, that he had $12000 deposited in its vaults. But all to no purpose, he would raise no money in New Orleans in that way. Well, he and his friend came to Mobile. They found a friend here who knew them well, and that friend undertook to get the requisite sum of money for them to go home with, for a draft on the Alexandria bank. He worked like a silk worm for hours, and was about giving up in despair, when fortunately he found another Virginian who wished to make a remittance to Alexandria, and had deposited a few hundred dollars in the Branch of the State Bank here to purchase a draft with. The business was done and Mobile money was obtained. But then, as Mobile money would not answer to travel with out of Alabama, the gentleman was anxious to get most of it exchanged for Georgia, Carolina or United States money. For this exchange, away went his friend here upon the dog trot all over town for hours, offering two, three and four per cent. for the kinds of money wanted. At last he succeeded in scraping enough to begin the journey with, and the Virginia millionaire has left us.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The commercial intelligence is of a gratifying nature. The arrangements for the assistance of the houses connected with the American trade, had been satisfactorily completed, and confidence was much restored. We annex the city article of the Morning Herald of March 13, and some of earlier dates.

There cannot now be any doubt that confidence has been materially restored, as we learn by our advices, at the outports and in the manufacturing districts. Discounts of commercial paper have been greatly checked, as well as orders for manufactured goods, for all parts of the world. It requires therefore no great degree of foresight to predict, that those manufacturers who have been in the custom of drawing against orders and relying upon such a resource, must feel the effect of the slightest depression of commercial transactions. In fact trade has too long, been carried on artificially upon an unstable monetary system.

Some anxiety prevailed this afternoon in consequence of a rumor that a firm of much respectability and some standing, had been placed in difficulties—but it is not apprehended that this circumstance will particularly affect commercial credit.

March 27th.—The uneasiness which prevailed during a great portion of this week with respect to the arrangements that have been in progress for the object of assisting the merchants here and at Liverpool, who are engaged in the American trade, has been dissipated to a very great degree, in consequence of those negotiations having been satisfactorily arranged; and the negociant parties from Liverpool have, we understand, left London with an impression very favorable toward the bank direction, who have met their views to a greater extent than even the most sanguine of the parties anticipated.—We trust that this calm in the money market has been founded upon a solid basis. In fact the occurrences of the past two or three weeks have afforded a lesson to the bullionists, which we trust will indulge them to give up their bigotted opinions, and promote to the utmost a searching reform in our unstable monetary system.

By the arrival of the packet from New York we have commercial accounts to the 25th of February, which have materially relieved the anxiety which has prevailed in our commercial circles, particularly those more immediately connected with the United States.

The city article of the Times, April 1, says that the arrangement for establishing a large credit on the Bank of England, in favor of the Bank of the United States, is understood to be on the point of being carried into effect. The arrangement is spoken of, as affording American merchants a medium of payment, to fulfil their engagements in England, to which no exception can be taken on either side of the water; and as tending rather to prevent than to facilitate the transmission of bullion—it being "a most important matter, not to force the Americans to send gold at present."

The failure of Fry & Lightfoot, bullion-brokers, is announced, and with surprise, as they were believed not to have been engaged in any of the dangerous speculations of the day. The Liverpool failure is the house of Bently & Co.—Besides these, a failure in Glasgow is spoken of.

In one respect—and that not an unimportant one—the accounts are favorable. The arrangement with the Bank of England for the relief of the American houses in London, has been completed, the money received by them—and it was believed they were out of danger. It is also stated that an arrangement has been effected with the Bank of England, by which the Bank of the United States will be permitted to draw WITHOUT AN IMMEDIATE REMITTANCE OF SPECIE.

The Morning Chronicle has a very strong, and apparently semi-official article, advocating the repeal of the duty on cotton. The following is the conclusion of the article, which we consider highly important.

"We cannot enter upon the peculiar aggravations which arise from the rapid growth and formidable character of the rival manufactures of the Continent and America, and the acceleration which these have been receiving and still continue to receive from this tax, which besides being altogether anomalous and singular in the history of British taxation, stands out shamefully contrasted with the wiser policy of other and rival governments, with less pretension to sagacity, who either admit the importation of cotton wool free of duty, or protect their manufacturers in foreign competition by drawbacks.

We trust that the expected surplus revenue in the hands of his majesty's government will enable them to accomplish—*what we are sure they are most anxious to do*—the repeal of this already too long continued impost. This will be only realising the hopes which successive administrations have held out on this subject. We would avoid comparisons of the claim of the cotton manufacture for relief, with other interests making similar claims. Each of these could be shown in detail to be incapable of standing such a comparison; but we content ourselves with the two broad facts, which are palpable to every eye, viz; that the cotton manufacture is paramount to all others in importance, and that while the other claims seek for relief from taxations affecting them in a *home competition, in which all competitors are on the same footing*, the claim of the cotton manufacturer is for relief, in *competition* with the *untaxed and otherwise favoured industry of foreign countries.*"

Mrs. Fitzherbert, the much esteemed and highly respected widow of George IV. died at Brighton on the 28th of March. She has always received great attention from the royal family, and no dispute is made of the fact that she was married to the late King according to the forms of the Catholic church, of which she was a member.

The Morning Chronicle (ministerial) declares as if by authority, that nothing short of a minority in the House of Commons will drive ministers to a resignation.

The Pembroke, English seventy-four, being driven from her anchors by a violent gale, in the Bay of Gibraltar, was twice rescued from impending destruction by the French steam vessel Minos.

The opponents of church rates are not content, it seems, with petitioning against them; they now refuse to pay them, in many places, and the church-wardens are forced to distrain and sell, whereat a loud cry of oppression is raised.

The commotion excited by the affair of the Vixen, appears to have died away. Russia is understood to have given up her exclusive commercial advantages, under the existing tariff treaty with the Porte, for the purpose of joining the other powers in a general tariff; and this concession is said to have been purchased by Lord Durham, at the price of a stipulation that nothing more shall be said or done by England about the Vixen business.

The Marquis of Bath died on the 27th in his 73d year; and the bishop of Norwich was not expected to live more than a few hours on the 31st.

Nicholson, the celebrated flute-player, and the first in the world in his line, died on the 27th of March aged 42.

The new, spacious, and elegant building, erected for the Mechanic's Institute, in Liverpool, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 29th of March. It was but just completed, and was to be opened on the next day. Damage estimated at 15,000 dollars. The building cost about 40,000. Insured for 30,000.

Mrs. Wood re-appeared at Drury Lane, on the night of March 31, to a crowded house and rapturous applause.

From the Liverpool Journal of April 1.

Charge of Mutiny.—On Monday, Ebenezer Howes, master of the ship Archimedes, of New Orleans, charged eight of the seamen of his vessel with mutinying in the channel near Tuskar. It seemed from his account that he had been on bad terms with his crew, whom he accused of habitual disobedience. He admitted having knocked one of them down, but it did not appear that any thing had occurred within the jurisdiction of this port. Mr. Hall referred him to the American Consul. It was stated by some of the men, that, so far from any mutiny having been committed by them, they had received most severe injuries, one of them having been nearly killed by repeated blows from a harpoon. The captain applied for a guard of policemen, declaring that his life was not safe. Mr. Hall said he had no power to interfere farther.

King Louis Philippe has another grandson, in the person of Philippe Ferdinand Eugene Leopold George, son of the King and Queen of Belgium, who was born on the 24th of March.

The condition of the silk workmen at Lyons was still very distressing, and caused much anxiety to the government. A subscription for their relief had been opened at Paris, which in two days amounted to 12,700 francs.

Curious. Marshal Clausel is reported to have declared, in his place in the Chamber of Deputies that an offer had been made him, to negociate the abandonment of Algiers by the French, for the sum of 160 millions of francs, and five millions for himself; and the *Gazette de France* very sagely asks whether this offer was not made by the American Republic—"which has so long been coveting a little corner of territory in Africa."

Spain.—The defeat of the British auxiliaries under General Evans, has been followed by a similar disaster to Espartero, who, having advanced some leagues beyond Bilboa, was met on the 21st of March, by the main body of the Carlists, commanded by the Infante Don Sebastian, and compelled to retrograde with some loss—which, of course, is magnified by the Carlist letter-writers. Sarsfield had also met with a check, near the frontier of Guipuzcoa; and to complete the tale of disaster, Irribarren had also been forced to retreat to Pampeluna. Thus the combined movement seems to have been completely frustrated, at every point. The government appears, however, to have been successful in raising money, for a remittance of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs reached Bayonne, on the 25th of March, for the use of the army, being the third within a month, and the three amounting to two millions two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

A powder magazine had blown up at Santander, destroying a whole street of houses, and very many lives.

Three of the British officers, Colonel De Lancy and Captains Fielding and Multon, had died of their wounds received in the engagement of the 16th.

General Evans was making great efforts for another dash at the Carlists, who on their part were quite inactive, having sustained very heavy losses in the several engagements.

Turkey.—Accounts from Smyrna of the end of January, received via Naples, say that the plague had abated in the neighbouring places, and it was hoped that it would soon wholly disappear.

The plague has abated at Smyrna, but is destroying 100 per diem at Tripoli. The Consul General Warrington with his family had gone to Malta.

Several villages have been destroyed by torrents of rain near Smyrna, in the beginning of March.

A letter from Constantinople of the 1st ult. states that the Sultan Mahmoud had issued a hasty-sheriff for the opening, at Pera, of a medical school. No intelligence had reached Constantinople respecting the captain and crew of the Vixen—a fact which caused some uneasiness to their friends. Captain Allen, who proposed undertaking a journey to central Asia, died shortly after his arrival at Smyrna.

Switzerland.—Advices from Soleure, dated the 10th of March, announces that the Grand Council, of that canton had declared the abolition of tithes. This decision taken by sixty-four against thirty-three, had excited great enthusiasm in the country.—*Moniteur.*

Portugal.—Papers and letters from Lisbon, to the 19th of March, announce the defeat of the Guerillo Chief, Remechido, after a contest of some hours. His force consisted of three hundred men. The Diario contains the decree by which the Government is authorized by the Cortes to exercise for 3 months discretionary powers in the districts of Serra de Argarve, Faro, Beja, and Evora, accounting to the Cortes for its acts.

Espartero returned to Bilboa the 21st, leaving the principal corps of the army at Elorrio and Durango. This movement cannot be accounted for. The Carlists impute it to a slight advantage obtained over him by Don Sebastian at Zornoro, March 21st.

Russia.—The Augsburg Gazette contains a letter from Lubec, of the 10th of March, in which it is stated that a considerable Prussian army is to be moved towards the shores of the Baltic and Black Sea.

The Baroness de Barante, wife of the French Ambassador, is the reigning star at Petersburg. At her ball she danced off to a Polish tune with the Autocrat—rather a sarcasm we should think. All the Court were present, and the French are much flattered.

Our Louisville correspondent writes that the Bank of Kentucky has made an arrangement to take at par the notes of the Planters Bank of Tennessee, payable at the Bank of Louisiana. A singular circumstance connected with this step on the part of the Bank of Kentucky, will show how apt men are to step beyond the rules of propriety in evil times. A merchant of high standing, bought up nearly $10,000 of the Tennessee paper at a heavy discount, a day or two before the declaration of the resolution by the Bank of Kentucky to take it at par. One of the firm to which this gentleman was attached was a Director in the said Bank, and so soon as the determination was made known, the sellers of the Tennessee paper saw the object of the purchaser. A great excitement prevailed,—so much so as to call forth from the Bank Director a disclaimer of any knowledge of the affair, and to produce a prompt refunding of the Tennessee paper so purchased. When public opinion can thus put down unfairness and treachery, it is in a wholesome state. We hope the people of Louisville will escape the ravages of the present storm. They deserve an exemption.

Wood used for steamboats along the river has fallen to three dollars per cord; but there will shortly be no boats to purchase it even at that price. When the largest class boats are daily bringing down from 50 to 100 tons of freight only, the prospect is indeed gloomy.

Fanaticism and outrage.—Seldom have we heard a more heart-sickening detail of fanaticism, than that which was communicated to us a day or two since, by a friend who was cognizant of the subjoined facts. It appears that in the vicinity of Auburn, Cayuga county, a knave by the name of SWEET has gathered around him half a score of silly women, who believe him to be a divine being, whose commands they are implicitly and unhesitatingly bound to obey, under the penalty of the displeasure of heaven. His household consists of himself and six white and one black woman. These deluded beings, although some of them are well educated and respectably connected—reverence him as their "divine lord," and hold themselves in readiness at all times to yield obedience to his wishes. That they are obedient has been repeatedly demonstrated. On one occasion, the impostor commanded the wench to take a huge carving knife, and proceed through the streets and slay whatever might impede her progress. She entered upon her task, and had not the instrument of death been wrested from her hand by the first person whom she attacked she would have obeyed the command to the letter. On another occasion, he commanded three of the white women to proceed, on a Sabbath day, to a neighbouring church where the communion was about to be administered, to upset the table, scatter the vessels and drink up the wine. Accordingly, at the proper hour, they entered the house, singing and dancing as they proceeded, and performed the duty assigned them.

These outrages incensed the neighbourhood, and it was secretly determined by a few who had imbibed an attachment to the code of Judge Lynch, to present the whole household with a coat of tar and feathers. For this purpose some ten or twelve young men blackened their faces and otherwise disguised themselves and proceeded at a late hour on Monday or Tuesday night of last week, to Sweet's house, which they entered, seized several of the inmates, (among whom was Sweet) covered their bodies with tar, and then feathered them with the contents of a bed which they took from the house for that purpose.

The intruders then retired; but again soon returned, and stole a large quantity of maple sugar, with which they decamped. On making this second visit, one of the disguised gentlemen was recognised, and the next day arrested, examined, and bound over for trial.

During the examination, the females repeatedly declared their belief in the divine character of "*their lord*," as they called him, and their obligation to obey him implicitly. We have not heard the result of the subsequent examination, nor whether any disposition has been made of the impostor who has been instrumental in establishing this new creed in Cayuga.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The Fredericksburg Arena publishes the following statement, showing the rapid increase of Banking capital, and the great expansion of the currency in the United States, since the year 1830:—

First. There has been an augmentation in the number of banks from 320 to 637, being an increase of *three hundred and fifty seven*, besides *one hundred and forty-six branches.*

Secondly. An augmentation of the banking capital of the United States from $145,182,008 to $324,240,292, being an increase of upwards of *one hundred and seventy-nine millions* of dollars.

Thirdly. An expansion in the circulation of bank notes from $61,323,898, to $185,702,506, being an increase in the paper money of the country of upwards of *one hundred and seventy-four millions* of dollars.

Fourthly. An augmentation of the amount of deposites, public and private, from $55,559,728 to $154,541,894, being an increase of nearly *ninety-nine millions* of dollars.

Fifthly. An extension of the amount of bank loans and discounts from $200,451,214, to $590,-892,661, being an increase of upwards of *three hundred and ninety millions* of dollars, a sum only twelve millions less than the aggregate of the increased capital, circulation and deposites.

In Terrorem.—Ingenuity may now well be put to the rack to invent ways and means to obtain favors at the Banks. We saw a man going to a Bank where he had never received an accommodation, with $2000 of its money, and a note of $100, in his hands. The latter he offered for discount—the former he held out *in terrorem* to the President, informing him that specie would be demanded for it the next day, should the note be "turned down"—not discounted. Wonder if the note was "*done?*"—*Mobile Mer. Adv.*

Accident.—On Sunday afternoon, as the one o'clock train of cars on the Trenton Rail Road, were passing between Holmesburg and Cornwall's, a decently apparelled man, apparently about 50 years of age, who was walking in advance of the cars, was knocked down by the frame of the engine, and so severely injured that he died in about an hour. The cars were immediately stopped, and he was taken to Cornwall's where every attention was paid to him. From papers in his possession, it appears that his name is Moffit. As the four o'clock train was passing at the same place, the woods were fired by sparks from the engine, and at the time the seven o'clock train passed, were burning with much violence.—*Ledger.*

Deaf Smith, the far famed Spy of Texas, arrived at Columbia on the 5th from Loredo, on the Rio Grande, where he had been on a reconnoitering expedition with a party of 20. While in the neighborhood of Loredo, on the 17th of March, he was attacked by a party of cavalry numbering near sixty, which commenced firing at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards. Smith ordered his men to reserve their fire until the Mexicans approached within gun shot. They did so, and on the first discharge of their pieces the enemy retreated, leaving ten of their number dead on the field and carrying off ten others wounded. Smith's party obtained twenty of their horses and mules, with a quantity of blankets and other goods. Only two of the party were slightly wounded. From a prisoner whom they took, Smith learned that there was a much larger force of cavalry stationed at Loredo and therefore deemed it best to return immediately to San Antonio, which place they reached on the 27th March. The schooner Flash, bound from New Orleans to Galveston, was wrecked on the 11th ult. in the West pass of Galveston Island, trying to escape from the brig Sam Houston, which she mistook for a Mexican armed brig.

RESOURCES OF EUROPEAN POWERS.—We insert the following, drawn from various sources as a convenient table of reference.

Great Britain.—National debt, $3,490,896,-768. Yearly revenue $28,849,600. Population, to say nothing of the colonies, 25,000,000. Army in peace 90,519; in war 378,370. Navy in time of peace 610 ships; in war, 1,056.

Russia.—National debt, $200,000,000. Yearly revenue 52,000,000. Population, 46,000,000.—Army in peace 600,000 men; in war 1,100,000.—Navy about 140 ships and fast increasing.

France.—National debt $480,000,000. Yearly revenue 157,760,000. Population, 34,000,000, Army in peace, 281,000 men; in war, 320,000. Navy in peace, 329 ships; in war, 354.

Austria.—National debt, $209,000,000. Yearly revenue 52,000,000. Population 34,500,000.—Army in peace 271,404 men; in war 750,504.—Navy 32 ships.

Prussia.—National debt, $114,840,440. Yearly revenue 30,477,600. Population 15,000,000. Army in peace, 165,000 men; in war 524,418.—Ships under 20.

Turkey.—National debt $35,000,000. Yearly revenue 11,200,000. Population, in Europe and Asia 21,000,000. Army in peace, 80,000, in war 200,000. Navy in peace, 80 ships, in war 60.

ALMANAC.

MAY, 1837.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
6 SATURDAY,	5 2	6 58	3 44	
7 SUNDAY,	5 1	6 59	4 36	D. H. M.
8 MONDAY,	5 0	7 0	5 [illegible]	
9 TUESDAY,	4 59	7 1	6 21	New 4 [illegible]
10 WEDNESDAY,	4 58	7 2	7 11	First 12 [illegible]
11 THURSDAY,	4 57	7 3	7 59	Full 20 [illegible]
12 FRIDAY,	4 56	7 4	8 41	Last 26 [illegible]
13 SATURDAY,	4 55	7 5	9 26	

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 5 A. M.		Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M. &	6 A. M

MARRIAGES.

By the Rev. Albert Helffenstein, at Chesnut Hill, on Monday, the 1st inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M. Mr. GEORGE V. REX, to Miss MARY C. LENTZ, all of that place.

On Thursday evening, 27th ult. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. EDWARD K. TRYON, to ADELINE C. daughter of George Savitz, of this city.

On the 27th ult. by John Swift, Mayor, JOSIAH QUINBY, to ANN J. BRITTIN, all of the Northern Liberties.

On Sunday evening, 9th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Hardenberg, Mr. ABRAHAM MASSON, formerly of Pittsburg, to Miss SUSANNAH HEEBNER, of this city.

On the evening of 18th ult. by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, CHEYNEY H. HOUSEKEEPER, Esq. member of the Philadelphia Bar, to Miss EMMA DE HAVEN, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. LORENZO G. BITTERS, to Miss SARAH MILLER, all of this city.

At Germantown, by the Rev. J. W. Richards, on the 23d ult. Mr. WM. STALLMAN, of Chesnut Hill, to Miss MARY ANN LOYAL, of Roxborough.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. BERNARD H. BISBING, to Miss MARGARET VAN WINKLE, of Springfield.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. JOHN BARNES, of Norristown, to Miss ANNA MARIA ENGLES, of Upper Merion.

On the 26th ult. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM PRIEST, of Lower Merion, to Miss ANN MELEY.

On the 6th ult. by the same, Mr. GEORGE W. WAGNER, of Lower Merion, to Miss SARAH ANN MOYER, of Roxborough.

On the 13th ult. by the same, Mr. ALEXANDER WINTON, to Miss MARTHA FRANCIS, both of Mount Airy.

On the 20th ult. by the same, Mr. THOMAS L. BATES, merchant, to Miss LEAH YEAKLE, both of Flourtown.

In Harrisburg, on Thursday evening, 20th ult. by the Rev. Samuel Sprecher, Mr. DAVID M. ALTER, of Westmoreland county, to Miss MARGARET RITNER, daughter of Gov. Ritner.

In New York, on Wednesday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev. C. W. Carpenter, Mr. JONAS R. URNER, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss CLARISSA, daughter of the late Dr. Joseph Parks, of New York.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday morning, 25th ult. about 2 o'clock, after a severe and protracted illness, which he bore with a christian fortitude, Mr. JACOB EGLEY, in the 34th year of his age.

On Tuesday evening, 25th ult. in the 73d year of his age, ARCHIBALD McLAREN.

On the evening of the 1st inst. in the 28th year of her age, ANN ELIZA, wife of Wm. S. Book, and eldest daughter of Robert Parham, of the N. L.

On the 1st inst. at the house of Joseph Kaighn, Kaighn's Point, N. J. ELISHA DAWSON, in the 72d year of his age, formerly of Caroline county, Md.

On Monday morning, 24th ult. at 2 o'clock, Mr. THOMPSON TULLY, aged 53 years, long a respectable inhabitant of Southwark.

On the night of the 30th ultimo, FRANCES CHURCHMAN, eldest daughter of Caleb Churchman, Esq. of Darby, aged 23 years.

On Wednesday morning, 26th ult. of consumption, ANN JANE, wife of Alexander McEuen, Printer.

On Monday morning, 24th ultimo, HANNAH LEAMING, daughter of the late Furman and Hannah Leaming, in the 14th year of her age.

On Thursday afternoon, 27th ult. in Pottsville, of the measles, ANNA MARIA, aged about 22 months, daughter of Alfred Lawton.

On Friday morning, 28th ult. at Hampstead, L. I. New York, DEBORAH, relict of the late John Onderdonk, M. D. and mother of the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, in the 70th year of her age.

On Saturday, 29th ult. JOHN CLIFTON, in the 62d year of his age.

JOHN CLIFFORD LLOYD, infant son of R. L. Lloyd.

On the 29th ult. in the 19th year of his age, after a severe and painful illness of three weeks, JOSEPH E. SMITH, youngest son of Daniel Smith, G. of Byberry township. The deceased was a very promising young man, and was greatly esteemed and beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends.

On Friday, 28th ult. of a long illness, in the 30th year of his age, PETER J. BOOK.

On the 28th ult. MARY EULALIE CAMPBELL, in the 6th year of her age.

On Sixth day evening, 28th ult. MARTHA TYSON, in the 65th year of her age.

At Frankford, Pa. on the morning of the 2d inst. in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. SARAH MORRIS, relict of the late Bevius Morris, of Sussex county, Del.

In York Borough, Pa. on Wednesday, 26th ult. Mr. JOHN WELSCH, Sr. a revolutionary soldier, in the 99th year of his age.

At Shawneetown, Ill. on Sunday morning, the 9th ult. JAMES A. HOLMES, formerly of Philad.

At the Barracks, Charlestown, Mass. JAMES M. SHIELDS, a mariner, aged 31. He belongs to Philadelphia where his friends are supposed to reside.

April 24th, at Christian Spring, Northampton county, Pa. after a short but severe illness, MARIA D. WARNER, formerly of this city, aged 19 years 2 months and 10 days.

> Happy soul, thy days are ended;
> All thy mourning days below,
> Thou by angel guards attended,
> Fly to Jesus' presence go.
>
> Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
> Thou beheld'st him from above,
> Waiting to receive thy spirit,
> Reaching out the crown of love.
>
> For the joy he set before thee,
> Thou hadst felt a moment's pain,
> Died to live a life of glory,
> Suffer'd with thy Lord to reign.

—OBITUARY.—

Died, on the 8th of April, 1837, at the residence of her son (R. H. Atkinson) in Louisville, Kentucky, ANN ATKINSON, of New Jersey, aged 56 years.

In the decease of this lady, her relatives and friends have sustained an irreparable loss. Some six or seven months ago, she left her native state, on a visit to her son; while on her sojourn, she seemed to enjoy apparent good health, until within a few days of her death. Death, to her, was gain—as the "even tenor of her ways" were the ways of the just. To enumerate, in a brief notice, all those amiable qualities, of which she possessed a large share, would be superfluous, as all those within whose sphere she moved, can attest—particularly the Society of Friends, among whose connexion she sustained the reputation of a worthy member for many years.

> "No more!—At friendships' parting hour,
> We breath'd the fond farewell;
> And little thought Death's tyrant power
> Had made it friendship's knell;
> Hope told us we should meet again,
> When sorrow's hour was o'er,
> Alas! Hope's promises were vain—
> We saw that friend no more!"
>
> GEORGE.

There were 109 deaths in Philadelphia during the last week, 49 of which were adults, and 60 children. 14 people of color included in the amount.

Horrid Accident.—At a fire which occurred at Lakeville, Ohio, on the 16th ult. a young man named Jesse Johnson, having climbed out upon the roof, was unable, in consequence of the flame, to return to the trapdoor. Becoming completely blinded by the smoke, he staggered, fell and rolled over the eve. In his struggle to save himself, he caught one hand in the eve-trough, and there hung, at an elevation of twenty-five feet, until a ladder was raised, and a neighbor ascended to his assistance. In endeavoring to get Mr. Johnson upon the ladder, it slid off the corner of the building, and both were precipitated to the ground. Johnson's scull was fractured, and his face literally torn off. He died immediately. The man who assisted him had his arm broken. Mr. J. was an intelligent young carpenter, and had been but a short time in the village. It will be gratifying to his friends to learn, that his funeral was attended by nearly all the inhabitants of the place.

A Fresh Arrival.—The other afternoon from Ohio city, on board a scow boat, a a *two story frame house*, 20 by 40, chimney and all fixtures standing. It was launched about 3 o'clock, all safe, and made this port in a short time, to the admiration of the beholders, and no small satisfaction of the manager, Mr. Erastus Smith a master workman of this place, whose ingenuity devised, and whose skill executed, this unheard of species of transportation. It was the store of Schermerhorn & Co. near the foot of Main street, Ohio city.—*Cleveland (Ohio) paper.*

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

April 28, received from		W. Blodget, Esq.	$5 00
Tristram B. Walter,	$2 00	F. B. Deane, Esq.	5 00
John C. Fitz, Esq.	10 00	Phineas Nixon, Jr. Esq.	2 00
G. W. Smith,	5 00	Wm. Abernathy, Esq.	10 00
S. Risley,	2 00	J. D. Merrill, Esq.	10 00
Sam'l D'uce, Esq.	2 00	Ebam P. Langdon,	76 00
R. Ainsworth, Esq.	2 00	*May 2,*	
Henry Dederick, Esq.	5 00	Elisha Field,	100 00
J. K. Pace, Esq.	5 00	Jas. B. Allen,	10 00
April 29,		Chas. G. Ryman, Esq.	5 00
Jos. C. Brand,	12 00	C. Fisher, Esq.	2 00
Wm Ross, per P. P. R.	9 80	Gould Perham, Esq.	8 00
Saml. G. Stanton,	12 00	*May 3,*	
Adam Whann, Esq.	2 00	Thos. Blackman, Esq.	4 00
J. W. Hadden, Esq.	2 00	Pringle Slight,	5 00
Geo. Armstrong, Esq.	6 00	John A. Blair, nett,	1 75
M. VanderHuse, Esq.	10 00	J. Wright, Esq.	2 00
Sam'l C. Edmund, nett,	4 00	G. G. White, Esq.	2 00
for Mrs. M. H. Moragne		S. Newbury, Esq.	5 30
May 1,		James Graham, Esq.	2 00
Harrison Hathaway,	4 00	*May 4,*	
D. F. Wagner, nett,	2 75	John Gilgore, Esq.	5 00
Samuel Hamilton, Esq.	2 00	P. G. Eberman,	16 35

PRICES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

			price sold for	par.
540	shares	United States Bank,	111a113½	100
574	do.	Girard Bank,	50a53½	50
1	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	100	100
4	do.	Mechanics' Bank,	55	35
2	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	509	400
11	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	90	100
177	do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	54a56	75
344	do.	Kentucky Bank,	66½a70	100
3	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	70	100
21	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	154½a156	50
250	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal Co.	60a64½	100
124	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	127a129	100
104	do.	New Castle & F. Town,	29a30	25
5	do.	Norristown R. R.	30	50
5	do.	Commercial Bank,	60	50
85	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	75a77½	50
431	do.	Vicksburg Bank, Miss.	33a36	50

Mammoth Cave.—One of the greatest curiosities on the continent is the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, a full description of which by a distinguished and popular author, who spent several days in exploring its dark and spacious halls, will appear in the American Monthly Magazine illustrated by drawings, made on the spot and engraved exclusively for this work. The entrance to the cave has already been beautifully executed by Sartain, and is pronounced the most perfect and beautiful specimen of mezzotinto engraving ever executed in this country.

The *American Monthly Magazine* was formed by a union of the New England Magazine, the American Monthly Review and the United States Magazine, combining all the talents and resources of those distinguished works, which, with the talents of Park Benjamin its Boston editor, C. F. Hoffman its New York editor, and Dr R. M. Bird the Philadelphia editor, and a powerful list of the most eminent writers at home and abroad, are all concentrated on the American Monthly Magazine. Each number of the work throughout the year has been ornamented with an engraving, executed by the first artists in the country. How far the literary contents of the Magazine have kept pace with these secondary improvements, the public are the best judges.

American Monthly Magazine.—The Magazine has received a great acquisition in Dr Bird, who has attained a name and reputation, of which his country may justly be proud. The publishers have, by this arrangement, taken an important step towards the advancement of their own interest, as well as of our national literature. In making the foregoing announcement, they say that they "have ever desired to make their work worthy of the countenance and favor which will best enable them to carry out their objects to an influential extent—to give the work a broad American character, so that, as a legitimate representation of national thought and feeling, and not the organ of a mere section of country, it may enlist the good will of men of taste and talent in all parts of the United States." They also state that they are making arrangements to procure contributors from every section of the Union. We trust that such efforts, coupled with the already high character of their work, will tend to ensure the most liberal encouragement.

The aim of the proprietors has been from the first, to establish a periodical which should have a tone and character of its own; and which, while rendered sufficiently amusing to insure its circulation, should ever keep for its main object the promotion of good taste, and sound, vigorous, fearless thinking, upon whatever subject it undertook to discuss; which, in a word, should make its way into public favor, and establish its claims to consideration, rather by what should be found in its pages than by any eclat which the names of popular contributors could confer.—*Maine Monthly Magazine.*

The work is published simultaneously in each of the three cities. Orders enclosing the amount of subscription, *five dollars* per annum, will be carefully and promptly attended to by T. Cotterell Clarke, Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

To Millers.

FOR SALE, one pair of new 4½ feet burr mill stones, suitable for grinding wheat. Made by Thomas Van Court, deceased. Also, a number of burr blocks, which will be sold low to close the concern. Apply to DAVID J. MORGAN, Manayunk, Philada Co. my 6—3t*

Stray Cow.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, March 21st, in Blockley township, Philadelphia co. a red muly Cow, with some white on her face, supposed to be about eight years old, and she gives some milk. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. JOHN HANSELL. my 6—3t*

Prepared India Rubber Silk,

A SPLENDID ARTICLE.

THIS silk nearly resembles the finest Oiled Silk, but is far superior in point of quality.

Dealers in the article, and others, are respectfully invited to call and examine it. SAML. H. BREED. 13 north 7th street. my 6—1t

The Girard Life Insurance.

THE Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

CAPITAL $300,000.

CHARTER PERPETUAL,

Office, 159 Chesnut street.

EFFECT INSURANCES ON LIVES, grant ANNUITIES and ENDOWMENTS, and make contracts generally, into which the contingency of life enters, upon the most reasonable terms.

The Company accept TRUSTS of Estates and Property, real and personal, and execute them in accordance with the wishes of the party.

And also receive DEPOSITES of money on interest in one sum, or in such sums, weekly, monthly, or at other periods of time, as may suit the convenience of the depositors.

Further information and prospectus may be had at the office of the Company. B. W. RICHARDS, Pres't, GEO. W. ASH, Treasurer, JOHN F. JAMES, Actuary. my 7 '36—1y

To the Farmers.

GROUND PLASTER FOR LAND.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public in general, that he has re-commenced grinding Plaster and Bones for Manure, which he offers for sale at his Steam Factory, above Franklin st. between Front and Second streets, Kensington, Philada. where all orders for the above articles will be thankfully received and punctually attended to by ZABINA ELLIS. ap 22—6t*

HIDES, OIL AND LEATHER.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, on terms equal to any in the city, a general assortment of Hides, Oil and Leather, in rough and finished, in all its variety.

Band and Sole Leather, always of extra good quality at No. 97 Chesnut street, next door to Bank of North America. WILLIAM W. ABBOTT.

N. B.—A general assortment of Morocco Skins on hand. ap 15—3m

Wanted,

A THOROUGH Carriage Smith, of steady, sober habits, and regularly attentive to business, to whom steady employment and high wages will be given, by [illegible] at our Carriage Manufactory, in the town of New Brighton, Beaver co. Pa. No one need apply except he comes well recommended for orderly conduct. WILLIAM & HARVEY BLANCHARD, New Brighton. mar 25—1t

A Card.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his customers and the public, that he is now opening a very extensive

ASSORTMENT OF SPRING GOODS,

received by the latest arrivals, consisting of superior French printed muslins, lawns and jaconets, entirely new patterns; French and British light prints and chintzes; cambric jaconet and Swiss muslins; ginghams, &c. Also—a large assortment of

SILKS—PLAIN AND FIGURED;

A lot of very superior black Lustrings, and one case of extra super black India satin, suitable for vesting or dresses. Also on hand, a general assortment of Furnishing goods, comprising every article in that line, with a general assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS,

All of which will be disposed of wholesale and retail, at the most moderate prices. JAMES S. DAVIS. [illegible] corner of Arch and 4th sts. Philada.

P. S.—Country Merchants are particularly invited to the assortment of Spring Goods now opening as they have been selected with great care and are very desirable. feb 4—3m

EXTENSIVE SALE OF TOWN LOTS, In Beaver City, Pa.

AN extensive sale of some hundred valuable BUILDING LOTS and improvements, in the villages of New Brighton, Bridgewater, Rochester, Sharon, Point, &c.—composing Beaver City at the Falls and Mouth of Beaver River, Pa. the property of the Beaver Sth Company and others, will be held on the premises, on the 17th day of May next, and continued from day to day.

The sale will be peremptory. Terms and conditions will be liberal. For information apply to the agent, M. T. C. Gould, at New Brighton, or to S. C. ATKINSON, Pres't B. S. C. & M. Co. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

This point is one of the most important in the United States, situated on the Ohio, at its nearest approach to the Lakes, 25 miles N. W. of Pittsburgh. The Water power is sufficient for 300 mills—various canals and rail roads meet at this common centre. The situation is admirably adapted to commercial and manufacturing business, and the population is rapidly increasing. ap 29—3tf

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

WILL BE PUBLISHED, NEXT WEEK,

The MAY Number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

Embellishments:

A colored Map of Kentucky—The Vermilion Tower, Grenada—Interior of Henry VII. Chapel. Music—"O'er the Sea in my Fairy Boat."

CONTENTS.

The State of Kentucky; A Tale of the West; The Tory's Daughter, A Russian Adventure; The Wife; The Bride of Borthaven; The Alchymist; I Sorrow of Affection; The Dice; The Termites of Africa; Washington's Respect for the Sabbath; The Vermilion Tower, eng.; Henry VII. Chapel, eng.; A Sober Calculation; Original Letters from Abroad; Preparation for Death; London Fashionable Chit chat; Wild Orange Groves.

POETRY.

Melancholy; A Dream of Fancy; The Child at Prayer; To the Memory; To an Almond Tree; The Sunny South; The Land of the Blest; Hope; O'er the Sea in my Fairy Boat, set to Music.

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum payable in advance, or $3 if not paid within the current year. Twelve numbers make a volume, containing about 600 closely printed pages, to this a title page and index are added at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, and the large amount of reading matter in the Casket, it is perhaps the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

A few copies of the Casket for 1829, '30, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35 and '36, containing an extensive variety of splendid engravings, remain on hand, which may be obtained on application at this office. Address (post paid), SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher, 26 Carter's Alley, Philada. ap 29

Communication.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I observed some time ago a communication over the signature of "A PARENT," stating that DR. JAYNE'S INDIAN EXPECTORANT had been the means of saving the lives of three of his children, who were suffering severely with Whooping Cough; and having but a short time before lost one of my children by that dreadful complaint, and having another, and my only child, suffering the greatest agony with the same disease, and in hourly expectation of its death—I was induced to purchase a bottle of it, and commenced using it according to the directions; and to the surprise of all it began to mend in fifteen minutes after we commenced using it, and the child has now completely recovered.

My wife, also, who has been for the last two years labouring under Consumption, and for several months past confined mostly to her bed, is now taking the same valuable medicine, and has found so much benefit from its use, that we are firmly persuaded she will soon recover; as she scarcely coughs twice in twenty-four hours, and has so far recovered as to be able to sit up half a day at a time.

I have no acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, but I hereby return him a husband's and a father's grateful acknowledgements. J. L. SIMPKINS.

Philadelphia, April 22d, 1837.

N. B.—It may be had at No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. ap 29—3t

Matting—Matting—Matting.

JUST received, per the ships Girard and Chandler Price from Canton, a handsome assortment of

SUPERIOR

4-4, 5-4, 6-4 } **Brussels Matting.**

4-4, 5-4, 6-4 } **Variegated**

AND CHEQUERED do.

3-4, 7-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 } **PLAIN do.**

Some of which is very superior.

For sale by the piece or yard at the lowest market price, at the MATTING WAREROOMS, No. 49 Market st. 3d door below 2d st. south side, by SAMUEL TOWNSEND. ap 29—2mif

Important to the Afflicted!

FEVER and Ague, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, with Sour Eructations, &c. &c. cured by the

VEGETABLE TONIC TINCTURE.

Which has stood the test for several years, and in no instance, were properly used, has it failed to effect a rapid and permanent cure.

For sale by the following Druggists:

John Gilbert, 3d st. below Wood; John Horn, corner 3d and Brown; Thos. E. Fryer, corner 3d and Poplar Lane; E. Huggins, corner 7th and Callowhill sts; Thomas Gegan, corner 9th and South sts; Jacob Regener, Lombard below 6th st.; Isaac Thompson, corner 2d and Market sts.; Samuel P. Shoemaker, 2d above Noble sts.; and by the Proprietor, corner of Front and Green sts.

Observe, that each bottle is accompanied with the proprietor's signature. Price, 50 cents per bottle. ap 15—6t* E. BARTON GUMPERT.

China, Glass & Queensware,

Wholesale and Retail, No. 66 South Second street, corner of Carter's Alley, a few doors below Chesnut st.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND & CO have now open, and will continue to keep, a general assortment of China, Glass and Queensware, which they will dispose of wholesale and retail, at the lowest cash prices.

☞ Country Merchants and others supplied at the shortest notice.

N. B.—Crates and Hogsheads in the original package. ap 29—2m

Highly Important!

East Sterling, Jan. 20, 1837.

NOTICE is hereby given to William Henderson, son to William and Margaret Henderson, natives of Ireland—also to John Bortree, son to John and Maria Bortree, natives of Ireland—also to Ann Caruth, daughter to John and Mariah Bortree, both natives of Ireland, that by applying to the East Sterling Post Office, in Wayne county, Pennsylvania, they will hear of something to their advantage. ROBERT BORTREE. ap 29—3t*

Dissolution.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROWLEY & ALBURGER, Plumbers, was dissolved on the 1st inst by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm, will please make payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement to either of the subscribers. HORATIO G. ROWLEY, N. W. corner of Decatur and Carpenter st. WILLIAM M. ALBURGER, N. E. corner of Wood and Sixth st.

The Plumbing Business will be continued by HORATIO G. ROWLEY, at the old stand, N. W. corner of Decatur and Carpenter streets, back of Arcade; and by WILLIAM M. ALBURGHER, at the N. E. corner of Wood and Sixth street. ap 29—3t*

SORE EYES.

A NEW and efficacious Eye Wash, the Columbian Collyrium, has recently made its appearance in this city, which is said to surpass all others ever offered to the public. The proprietor resides in Boston, Mass. and has for more than 20 years been successfully using it throughout town and country. It is now offered to the public patronage under the full persuasion that in all cases of inflamed or weak eyes, it will prove an invaluable if not an infallible remedy, rendering the nature of the eyelids more healthy, and greatly improving the general appearance and condition of the whole organ, removing all weakness and inflammation, and restoring to almost immediate energy, this important part of the human system. Those purchasing this article, are assured that if a cure is not obtained by the use of one bottle alone, the money shall be refunded. For sale by JONES & HUTCHINSON, N. E. corner of Chesnut and Seventh sts. Philada. ap 22—3t*

White Mulberry.

THE Subscriber has collected, the present season, from a few very select trees, the seed of the true Italian White Mulberry (morus alba) and has also on hand a large stock of the most esteemed kinds of esculent vegetable or garden seeds, with his usual supply of Clover, Timothy, and other Grass Seeds, &c. of the best selections.

Country Merchants and others, will be furnished with such quantities as they may desire, and all orders, either for the interior or for exportation, will meet with prompt attention at the Seed Store of GEO. M. COATES, 49 Market st. below 2d. ap 21 '36—1y*

Observations on Tailors.

NOT one in ten of the craft in these days of fashion, grow rich without paying due regard to the improvements and changes of fashion, wherefore it is, that so many are becoming subscribers to Ward's Report of Fashion and System of Cutting, which has become the standard among the principal tailors of the United States. Those we see tailors who subscribe for the Fashion, growing rich, while others to save the small expense of subscription, suffer the loss of custom, and consequently never make more than a bare living. A word to the wise is enough. Ward's System and Reports of Fashion, may be obtained by mail by enclosing ten dollars, directed to ALLEN WARD, No. 241 South 9th street, Philadelphia. None but himself, or his authorised agents have the right to vend his recently improved System and Patent Case Ruler. Ward has never sold out (as has been falsely reported) nor grants the privilege to others, to print or publish his late improvements which are secured to him by act of Congress. ap 29—3m*

Baker's Intelligence Office,

Established in May, 1811—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and (entrance in) Third street—up stairs.

PROCURES Houses and Farms; Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Barkeepers, Grooms, Hostlers, Porters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and Bought Servants.

A House Keeper wants a situation.

A Wet Nurse wants a situation.

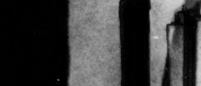
Wanted, a Child to wet nurse. ap 15—3t*

West of England Cloths.

JUST received a superior invoice of West of England Cloths, which will be made to order, at the following reduced prices for cash.

Extra super dress coats from			$15 to 20
do. do.	frock	do.	16 " 22
do. do.	blue dress,		16 " 21
do. do.	frock	do.	17 " 22
do. do.	green dress,		16 " 20
do. do.	frock	do.	16 " 20
do. do.	olive dress,		17 " 21
do. do.	frock	do.	17 " 22
do. do.	invisible green dress,		16 " 20
do. do.	frock	do.	16 " 20
do. do.	claret dress,		16 " 20
do. do.	frock	do.	16 " 20
Double mill black cassimere pants,			8 " 9 75
Royal Rib Buckskin,			8 " 9
English Satin Vests first quality,			3 " 4 75

The above goods are warranted to be made in the best manner, and to give satisfaction. R. S. BROLASKEY, No. 45 south Eighth st. 3 doors below Chesnut street, east side. aug 17 '36—1y



Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

TO ELLEN TREE IN "JOS."

In woman's garb, how're you're dressed—
In sun's, where're you try on—
Oh! Ellen, you look always best—
And so you do in Jos.

To wear the male suit in, I trow,
A thing that some try in on!
Yet foolish folks like these should go
To see you play in Jos.

In comic or in tragic parts,
You still look classic as Diana,
Sir Ellen! you have known your hearts
You, though you're damned for Jos.

Your bosom, lady, still must sue,
Most still adore and sigh at,
Although you're hidden in no 'pron,
The gentle Greek youth for.

Oh! could I write his praise and thine,
In Greek as good as Hom's,
I'd dedicate a lasting line
To link your fame with Jos's.

I like your acting in Pauline,
A theme I oft shall cry on;
I love you in the Tenth'ful Queen—
But don't I love your Jos!

Your Wife (she is so like my own),
Was quite a lovely lass;
But never love like that was known,
Which binds my heart to Jos.

Your Viola once—pray young man's mind
A point one need not be on!
But yet methinks—I'm not quite sure—
Your arm looks best in Jos.

Your knee, and ay! Clarence's brow,
I here one clapter tie on;
You, you're Othello's self for now
You're smirched fast to Jos.

"United States!" ah me, that word
A rock has thrown me nigh on—
You will not go—the tide's aboard—
What will become of Jos!

If I were Sergeant Talfourd—if!
While ocean waves you fly on,
I'd sing on Albion's highest cliff
An Ode unto Jos.

You'll charm, along your watery way,
The dolphins, like Arion—
I'm sure you will, if you play
The charming part of Jos.

But if you go—a subject this
My eyes will not be dry on—
I wish you years of fame and bliss,
A long, long age of Jos.

You, fame is yours, for if she can
Her wreaths, we know not why, on
Some ladies' heads, 'tis you at last,
She'll fondly fix her eye on.

No wonder you're called Ellen Tree,
(Soon ooth the jow you'll sy on),
Since you are covered, as we see,
Wintertearia gained in Jos.—English Paper.

FEMALE WIT.—Ramond, who affected to be a Fatalist, declared that he owed to the celebrated Ninon De l'Enclos, all his knowledge. Ninon being told that Ramond "boasted every where, that she had formed him," replied, "I wish he had then done as God did, who repented himself that he made man."

Old Francis, late of the Chesnut street Theatre was a wag, and once, in Washington city, when early peas were on the table, he amused the contents of his neighbour's dish, saying, "Fran-cis! Francis!" they exclaimed, "what are you about?"—"I ate them that way," was the answer. He, of course, had the dish to himself, and when he had concluded, exclaimed—"I on thought it was small, did you!"—Nothing but black pepper.

"Business first, pleasure afterwards," as king, Richard III. said as he stabbed Prince king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babies Pickwick.

Lord Sunderland, in the reign of Queen Anne was offered a pension, on being turned out of place, said "That if he was no longer permitted to serve his country, he was determined not to pillage it."

A FOOL.—A miller, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him with, "John, people say that you are a fool." On this John replied, "Some things I do know, and some I don't know, sir." "Why, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat legs." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat sir."

A voter, sadly deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan, "Sir, I mean to withdraw my acquaintance from you." "Many thanks for your kind intention," replied the candidate, "for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw."

LATELY MARRIED.—You see that grum-looking young man yonder, with smooth cheek, countenance all in smiles, neatly trimmed whiskers, bare-cockered stock, white vest, and blacked boots, new broadcloth coat, and pantaloons, shining silk hat on his arm a handsome new mahogany basket, filled with the delicacies of the season. "Yes," how careful is that young servant, too, as a may-pole, his head as immovable as though it were stuck on a pivot—a smile for everybody, and a crimson cheek for each lovely female he meets. He seems the happiest man alive, and in good humour with all the world. "Yes, well, and what of him?"—What why—he got married last week.

Newton's Absence of Mind.—Many anecdotes are circulated concerning the habitual absence of mind of Sir Isaac Newton. Dense well authenticated instance of it quite as ludicrous as some of Scott's fictions of Dominie Sampson. Dr. Stukely says that the philosopher's servant having one day called him to dinner, and returning, after waiting some time, to call him a second time, found him mounted on a ladder, placed against the shelves of his library, a book in his left hand and his head reclining upon his right, sunk in such a fit of abstraction that he was obliged, after calling him, once or twice, actually to jog him before he could awaken his attention. It is well known that Swift administered the lash of satire to most of the public characters of the day in his Gulliver's Travels, and the discernment of gratification did not escape. In the voyage of Laputa, which Arbuthnot considered as a refined satire on the Royal Society, he introduces flappers to rouse the unlucky objects of their office. The idea is probably owed its birth to Newton's proverbial abstraction.—N. Y. Gem.

CHRISTMAS FRESENTS.—A gentleman being resident in the city, who has a numerous family connection all in smiles, neatly trimmed whiskers, bare-cockered stock, white vest, and blacked boots, new broadcloth coat, and pantaloons, shining silk hat on his arm a handsome new mahogany basket, filled with the delicacies of the season. "Yes," how careful is that young servant, too, as a may-pole, his head as immovable as though it were stuck on a pivot—a smile for everybody, and a crimson cheek for each lovely female he meets. He seems the happiest man alive, and in good humour with all the world. "Yes, well, and what of him?"—What why—he got married last week.

A BEAUTIFUL CANDIDATE FOR A CROWN.
From the forthcoming work, "Evenings with Celebrities."

The Emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just returned from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage in full trot drove into the court of the Tuileries, and a lady sprang out of it. Ah mistress! I exclaimed, it is her Imperial Highness, the Princess Pauline, the Queen of Guastalla, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.] I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all imaginable respect, when I met Constant coming out of the room which looked out to the garden. I beheld advancing towards the house—who, but the Emperor himself. He sang at the door, angrily ordered Constant to dismiss the servants, and entered. He was, I think, somewhat disconcerted at finding Monsieur Constant in his Sevilla and Charybdis! I might perhaps have feigned not to recognise the Emperor, but, with a most respectful bow, I left the room, and hastened to inform the valet de chambre, Rustan, that he was to be the adapted to their successful culture; but by filling up the vacant ground thereon with a fat and luxuriant virgin mould, more genial to the well rotted stable manure, are properly constituted for the growth of the finest specimens of the onion kind. Care, however, must be taken to keep the plants well watered on every occurrence of dry weather; for stalks of such succulent and luxuriant growth are very voracious beer drinkers, and must have their wants attended to punctually if not naturally supplied. And here let me remark, that if they receive this attention in their greatest perfection, should such unfortunately, give them a watering at least once a week with *soap-suds*.

Plums.—Plum trees, from their naked, and unsightly appearance during winter, are generally considered by a small bag called the Curculio, which perforates the skin of the fruit soon after its formation, and causes it to fall off. To prevent this destruction, all you have to do is to watch the time that the fruit does not suffer so much (in this way, where the ground is constantly trod on, as in paths, walks, &c.) and then, when the ground is pared as in the town yards) in such situations large crops of fair and large fruit are produced. Nectarines and Apricots are in a degree subject to the same insect depredator, and require the same plan. The trees ought to be planted in situations where the falling scarce fruit could not be eaten by Poultry, or Swine, or otherwise destroyed, as the first contains the insect whilst still, by undergoing certain changes, he usually to destroy the fruit of the succeeding year. I would recommend the collecting of the fallen fruit from the trees, and placing it in a heap in the corner of a country places, in hog-pens; but sufficient attention must be paid to the heap, that the manure would not accumulate in large quantities, for then, instead of destroying them; a moderate share of it, however, would be of service to the hogs, and to the manure heap.

And as the Curculio is an inactive and cleanly insect, only capable of flying a short distance at a time, crawling from tree to tree, when the fruit is timed, lets go its hold on the slightest disturbance and is lost. Now, if a sheet be held in a proper place, the probability is, that they would be often disturbed by the hogs rubbing themselves on the trees, thus situated, as to be deterred from their attempts to ascend, and, if even to be the habit of hogs to delight in rubbing themselves against posts, stakes, or any other bodies in their environments, and hence, in that habit, several plum trees there located find a security from the insect and most fatal depredator. Poultry are scarcity would be manifold; for besides exciting their locks, and then rendering it one of the main endeavors to get up into the tree, all that fell to the earth would be devoured by the hogs on the instant, as well as the eggs of the insect, from the effect of the injury received by being impregnated with the egg of the Curculio. In addition to this, the hogs would so trample the earth around the trees, that the eggs would not bury itself, and would be cut off from the opportunity of undergoing those changes necessary to the production of a new progeny, to perpetrate similar evils the next spring. My conscience in this matter is relieved from the crowing of the plum tree, was lately confirmed by a successful experiment in the garden, where the plum tree stood so near the pump that a line cast to it, and the pump handle used, would shake the tree as often as water was pumped up, a method which preserved the fruit from the effects of the Curculio.

Causes of the Prevalence of the United States, Bible Society Institution.

Extract of a letter from a Member of Congress who resides in the City of Washington, dated January 1, 1830, to the printer of the Illustrated Liquor Book, and having Fund.

"I have received the Book, and have read it with a great deal of interest, with reference to your Society, &c. I am fully convinced that the Bible Society is the principal cause of the excessive consumption of ardent spirits in the United States. Nothing but a powerful moral influence can check it."

EXPOSITION AND TERMS
OF THE
Manual Labour Bank,
OF
Six Per Cent. Saving Fund,
SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF CHESTNUT AND FOURTH STS.
Capital $500,000

Secured in Trust by Judgment confessed on Real Estate, payable by instalments, extending over Ten Years.

CERTIFICATE.

On the 11th day of May, 1830, a Bond and Judgment, accompanied by a Mortgage, were filed in the Prothonotary's Office of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the County of Philadelphia, in favour of the Manual Labour Fund Dependents, executed by Dr. Thomas W. Dyott, for the sum of $500,000.

Copy from the Endorsement on the Bond.

"Entered in the Office of the Deputy Court for the County of Philadelphia, this 11th day of May, A. D. Eighteen Hundred and May 11, 1830. Thomas Wilson, Attorney.

EXPOSITION.

The utility of Savings Banks has been too universally admitted to require any argument to establish the fact of their usefulness to community at large. The Manual Mechanics is not only associated in practice the virtues of economy with security, but it also combines with these virtues with security, but it also combines with these virtues the principle of industry, and thereby affords to the poor, who have not the means of investing in Government Stock, or loan, the facility of placing their savings at interest, with the additional consideration of the benefit of their labour, which is not the case with any other Institution in the United States. THE MANUAL LABOUR BANK AND SAVING FUND, has been established by the Proprietor, in order to afford the poor man the benefit of his labour, and to enable him to invest his savings in a profitable manner, at the full rate of legal interest—a security which cannot be obtained in any other Institution in the United States, where he is certain to get paid by any other. The whole benefit which accrues to the Proprietor, on the occasion which I have first been describing, that good counsel would have prevented the excellent Queen from ever having had to endure. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted with the present. She felt that the moment was fair and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation. On the next day and stoutest situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, a reservoir which it would have withered and perished. To the footstalk of each leaf, near the base is attached a kind of long bladder, which is pitcher of the same colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a transparent white, and at length becomes tenantless and perishes. Each bladder contains about a pint of water, which is carefully preserved by the lid of the pitcher, which, as it closes so firmly, prevents any evaporation. On the next day and every succeeding day, the lower, and, of course, the oldest leaves, are placed large flat stones, projecting about an inch and an inch. On the top of each of these it takes his place, on a seat provided for that purpose, and in the centre of each of these circles is set to it with cords. The corn in the straw is then cut down on the ground, in a circle between the stones, and the extraordinary implement of husbandry is then dragged over it, a man standing on the top of it, and driving the animals. The straw is then thrown to their utmost speed. A drove of fifty bullocks will tread out the corn of an acre in the sharp flint and the hoofs of the mules, and oxen do the work of husbandry very completely. The straw is, by these means, torn into small pieces, and the corn is packed in sacks and sent to Madrid as provender for horses and mules. Their method of winnowing is by throwing the mixture of corn and straw into the air with wooden shovels, when the grain falls and the straw separates it from the chaff. It was told of an old Spanish general, who, assisting at one of these enlightened natives, and seeing the prospect of a great profit, proposed to them the use of winnowing machines, and undertook to thresh the farmers over at a trifling expense per bushel. On the first day's experiment they were highly delighted with the machine, but on the second, when the speculator went to receive his labours, to his utter consternation he found the engine which was to work him wealth, broken into minute pieces, and scattered in every possible direction. On inquiry, he forcibly country people had considered it to be the devil, and came to the a resolution, in which they were assisted by the parish priest, that the devil was inside the engine, and must be driven out by violence